

PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY
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PRESS

ANTONIO AND MELLIDA
& ANTONIO'S REVENGE
BY JOHN MARSTON
1602

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1921

This reprint of *Antonio and Mellida* and *Antonio's Revenge* (otherwise 1 & 2 *Antonio and Mellida*) has been prepared under the direction of the General Editor.

July 1922.

W. W. Greg.

The two plays here reprinted were thus entered in the Register of the Stationers' Company:

24^o Octobris [1601]

Entred for their Copey vnder the handes of the wardens a booke called The mathew Lownes ffyrst and second partes of the play called Anthonio and melida . . . vj^d Thomas ffysshher provided that he gett lafull licence for yt.

[Arber's Transcript, III. 193.]

The following transfers are also found:

10 Aprilis 1627

Entred vnto him for his Copies by Consent of a full Court holden this day Thomas Lownes all the estate right title and Interest which Mathew Lownes his father deceased had in the Copies hereafter mencioned, saveing to euery man his and euerye of their rightes to them or anye of them. xiiijs

vizt

[30 items including] His parte of Anthonie Melida

[Arber's Transcript, IV. 176.]

30 Maij 1627

Assigned ouer vnto them by Thomas Lownes and by Consent of a full Master Humphry Court all the estate right and Interest which he hath or had in the Copies Lownes hereafter mencioned . . . xij^s Robert Younge

[23 items including] his parte of Anthonie Melida./

[Arber's Transcript, IV. 180.]

6^o Novembris 1628

Assigned ouer vnto them by master Humphrey lownes at a full Court Master George holden the 28th of Iune last all his estate right Title and interest in the Cole Copies hereafter named . . . xiiij^s Master George Latham

vizt./

[31 items including] His parte of Anthony and Melida./

[Arber's Transcript, IV. 205.]

6^o Decembris 1630

Assigned ouer vnto him by order of a Court of the 4th of October last and Master Younge by the Consentes, of Master Cole and master latham All their estate right title and interest in the Copies hereafter menconed which were the Copies of master Humfrey Lownes. and assigned vnto them the said master Cole and master Latham, 5^o [sic] Novembris. 1628 . . . xiijs

[30 items including] Antony and Melida his part

[Arber's Transcript, IV. 245.]

Apparently due licence was, in the first instance, obtained, for an edition appeared with the date 1602, the first part, *Antonio and Mellida*, as published by Mathew Lownes and Thomas Fisher jointly, the second, *Antonio's Revenge*, by Thomas Fisher alone, while each bore Fisher's halcyon device on the title-page. The books are quartos printed (badly in some respects) in the usual roman type of a body approximating to modern English (20 ll. = 95 mm.), and appear from the ornaments to have come from the press of Richard Bradock. Copies are not uncommon and are found in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, and the Dyce collection at South Kensington. The British Museum possesses two copies of the first part: in one (11773. c. 5) the outer bottom corner of B₄ is torn away, the other (643. c. 78) wants the title. The Museum and Bodleian copies have been collated throughout in preparing the present reprint, while the Dyce copy has been consulted on all points of uncertainty. A few differences have been discovered.

The plays again appeared as the first and second of John Marston's 'Works' in the octavo collection of 1633. This was an unintelligent stationer's reprint produced for William Sheares during the author's absence and apparently contrary to his wishes, for his name was later removed from the remaining portion of the stock. Copies are in the British Museum (e.g. 1077. b. 2 and 644. a. 23 for the two states) and elsewhere. It does not appear how Sheares acquired his interest in these plays.

The numbering of acts and scenes added in the margin of the present reprint follows Bullen's edition except in the last act of the second part, in which he accidentally marked two first scenes.

LIST OF VARIANT, DOUBTFUL, OR IRREGULAR READINGS.

The actual literal errors are not many, nor are the doubtful readings apart from punctuation, which is further treated in the final note. A few variants between different copies have been observed and are here included. Errors and corruptions are fairly frequent, but it has not been thought necessary to note irregularities previously recorded by Bullen. Certain variations of the 1633 edition which seemed of interest have been added, but no attempt has been made at a complete collation.

PART I.

Ded. 12 <i>beautie</i> (there is a quite indistinguishable mark between <i>u</i> and <i>t</i>)	869 fate (1633 fate—)
22 <i>I M.</i>	885 take (1633 take —)
Text. 53 blinks (1633 blinds)	886 amongmy
134 censure. (<i>so BM^x; BM², Bodl., and Dyce read censure.; and 1633 censure.:</i>)	891 brith; (1633 birth;)
140 then (<i>so 1633</i>)	924 despite (1633 in despight)
173 heathy (1633 <i>beany</i>)	969 passing passing (1633 passing)
245 Heaues (1633 Heavens)	976 wine, (<i>so 1633</i>)
293-4 <i>Cor. nets</i>	980-1 perfec- ction
303 aud	1008 that (1633 that—)
350 but———— (1633 but ———)	1015 manlineffe (1633 manlineffe ———)
351 pree the (<i>so 1633</i>)	1016 accounted (1633 courted)
410 fwounded. (1633 fwounded.)	1036 Pree the (1633 Prthee)
477 honour (1633 honour.)	1053 she (1633 she—)
600 a: (1633 a —:)	1087 as (<i>so 1633</i>)
602 offices (1633 offices.)	1096 the the (1633 the)
603 Parasite (1633 Parasite.)	1100 lip (<i>so 1633</i>)
604 to (1633 to—)	little (<i>so 1633</i>)
606 spurres (1633 spurres.)	1102 red (<i>so 1633</i>)
634 for (1633 for ———)	1103 <i>Fla.</i> (1633 <i>Bal.</i>)
688 thought (<i>original</i> thought)	1106 amiable (<i>so 1633</i>)
wax (1633 was)	1109 euer (1633 ever)
745 an faith, (<i>so 1633</i>)	1141 (the type of this line is somewhat loose, but <i>BM^x</i> has the correct divisions)
745-6 poin- ting (1633 pain- ting)	1151 or (<i>so 1633</i>)
787 my (1633 my—)	1168 teares (1633 teares.)
	1200 me me (1633 mee)
	1215 honour (1633 honours)

1268 Holds (1633 Fold)
 1271 from (1633 from—)
 1273 beene (1633 beene —)
 1274 skinp (1633 skinp—)
 1275 good (1633 good—)
 1287 lukes
 1292 Affay 1633 Affay—
 1316 lay (1633 lay—)
 1331 diuels last (*but the space apparently fell out and the s tended to shift*)
 1336 and (1633 and —)
 1375 feife:
 1404 and (1633 and —)
 1410 but (1633 but —)
 1435 on (1633 one)
 1445 and (*so* 1633)
 1454 *baccio*, (*so* 1633)
 1455 *desio*: (*so* 1633)
 1456 *puo lesser* (*so* 1633)
 1457 *pol esser* (*so* 1633)
 1461 *pimper* (*so* 1633)
 1462 *cofempiterno* (*so* 1633)
 1464 trembls
 1471 sweett
 1495 was (1633 was —)
 1502 a (1633 a —)
 1506 here, (*apparently comma of smaller fount: 1633 here.*)
 1512 father (1633 father—)
 1520 popme, (1633 pompe.)
 1522 begins (1633 begins to)
 1526 compleat (1633 compleat—)
 1528 prick (1633 prick—)

1531 will
 1546 *Ant*:
 1561 heart (*so* *BM*¹; *BM*², *Bodl.*, *Dyce*, and 1633 read heart,)
 1569 vfe (*so* *BM*¹; 1633 reads vfe while *BM*², *Bodl.*, and *Dyce* have vfe:)
 1585-6 forehore | horse.
 (1633 fore-horse.)
 1595 a (1633 a—)
 1596 him (1633 him.)
 1608 now (1633 now—)
 1620 *you will* (1633 *thou wilt*)
 1622 *wodde*. (1633 *wood*.)
 1689 price. (1633 prize.)
 1718 *Ba.* (the point is a quite indistinguishable mark)
 1744 haue (1633 haue —)
 1752 times; (*perhaps times, as the dot may well be accidental: 1633 times;*)
 1756 fixt (1633 fixt—)
 1806 wete
 1888 my (1633 my—)
 1896 Lord (1633 Lord—)
 1898 Lord (1633 Lord —)
 1900 being (1633 being —)
 1940 father- (*kyphen not quite certain: 1633 father —*)
 1943 speach- (1633 speech.)
 1950 no (1633 no.)
 1962 c.w. Now (*original N ow*)
 1982 *Gentlemen*, (the *E* is broken and resembles *F*)

PART 2.

31 scale- (1633 *scale*.)
 52 that (1633 that —)
 60 ground: (*so* 1633)
 61 reported (1633 reported —)

74 had (1633 had —)
 please (1633 please —)
 85 me (1633 me —)
 93 head (1633 head—)

94 had (1633 had —)
 113 it- (1633 it.)
 152 Madam (1633 Madam——)
 153 vouchsafe. (*point not quite certain*: 1633 vouchsafe,)
 173 Tke
 193 as (1633 as ——)
 223 *Pandulpho Feliche*,
 (1633 Pan-|dulpho, Feliche,)
 234 eyes. (*possibly eyes*,)
 240 *Roy* (1633 *Roy*,)
 268 parrrs
 312 Of (*original* Of)
 322 Ma- (hyphen not quite certain)
 353 to (1633 to ——)
 379 Ramm't (1633 *Pier*. Ramm't)
 392 maine, (1633 maime,)
 427 fwouned, (1633 fwounded,)
 439 fhaill
 446 log-likedolts.
 456 comfort (1633 comfort —)
 463 heade- (1633 head.)
 464 canft- (1633 canft.)
 474 we. (1633 we——)
 504 fiege (*so BM: Bodl. and Dyce*
read fiege; and 1633 fiege,)
 505 liege; (*so BM: Bodl., Dyce, and*
1633 read liege,)
 535 my . . . my (1633 thy . . . thy)
 557 conclude (1633 conclude —)
 565 vnderstands-
 (1633 un-|derstands.)
 585 flauifh
 605 of (1633 of ——)
 621 often (*an I has dropped out before*
this: 1633 I often)
 630 And I doe
 693 mortalitie- (1633 mortality.)
 711 and (1633 and——)
 727 greefull, (1633 gricfefull,)

731 prince (1633 Prince——)
 744 cheeks (*so* 1633)
 746 Lord (1633 Lord——)
 770 my (1633 my —)
 780 with (*so* 1633)
 788 heart- (1633 heart.)
 800 heart, with (1633 heart from)
 814 die- (1633 die.)
 816 breast- (1633 breft,)
 824-9 *as verse in 1633 divided . . .*
Tragoedian,| . . . straines,| . . .
you,| . . . wrongs,| . . .
thoughts| . . . doe.
 842 hand: eno (*original* hand: eno
probably for hande: no while
1633 has hand: no)
 875 c.w. *Ant*
 884 *Piero-* (1633 Piero.)
 887 though (1633 though.)
 892 fufpect (1633 fufpect.)
 896 forget (*so* 1633)
 898 grace (1633 grace——)
 907 lle
 922 chok'tft (1633 choak'dft)
 927 remorse (1633 remorse ——)
 928 Ile
 931 importunate
 (1633 importunate.)
 970 *She*
 983 Church- (1633 Church.)
 996 intellectt
 1000 bleffed
 1011 reuenge- (1633 revenge.)
 1047 panting (1633 panting——)
 1051 *antri*, (1633 *antro*,)
 1055 *vos* (1633 *vos*——)
 1063 idle (1633 idle——)
 1065 Sepulcher, (1633 Sepulcher.)
 1102 budding (*original* budding)
 1114 wounds (1633 wounds —)

1129	Offenceance	1611	Foole, (1633 <i>Ba. Foole,</i>)
1161	father (1633 father—)	1633	and (1633 and—)
1167	kill- (1633 kill.)	1644	is (1633 is —)
1180	night-crowes (<i>hyphen not quite certain</i>)	1670	will (<i>an I has dropped out before this, the head being apparently still visible before the C of the next line: 1633 I will</i>)
1187	puty (1633 putry)	1704	bosome- (1633 bosome.)
1284	Hymniall (1633 Hymenæall)	1708	twhart (1633 thwart)
1305	thinks	1856	<i>Exit</i> (1633 <i>Exit.</i>)
1335	assume (1633 assume —)	1887	<i>Florentine</i> (1633 <i>Florentine</i> —)
1339	thwart (1633 thwart)	1890	<i>Venice</i> (1633 <i>Venice</i> —)
1346	to (1633 to —)	1942	<i>Exit</i> (1633 <i>exit.</i>)
1353	Macheucil, (1633 <i>Macheveil,</i>)	1948	Of (<i>cf. catch-word</i>)
1354	is is (1633 is)	1971	vnprtiall
1367	capeable (1633 capable)	1973	that (1633 that—)
1389	and (1633 and —)	1976	hauc. (1633 hauc—)
1423	Imagin'd (1633 Imagin'd)	1999	<i>torc-bearer.</i>
1434-5	moft moft (1633 moft)	2017	bodie (1633 body—)
1435	of of (1633 of)	2040	to (1633 to.)
1487	diuel; (<i>so Dyce: BM and Bodl. read diuel; [sic] and 1633</i> <i>deuill;</i>)	2048	blacke
1489	VWhich (1633 Which —)	2049	dugeon
1496	breast (1633 breast,)	2053	snurling (1633 snarling)
1497	die (1633 die.)	2064	<i>sonne</i> (1633 <i>sonne.</i>)
1505	<i>about</i>	2155	then (1633 then—)
1542	your (1633 your —)	2182-3	<i>vindictæ. FINIS.</i> (so 1633)
1582	not (1633 not —)		
1601	to (1633 to—)		

The printing of the 1602 edition is not in general bad except in the matter of punctuation, which gives a great deal of trouble in several ways. To begin with, the printer, especially towards the end of his task, used an astonishing collection of badly-cast or otherwise eccentric points. He had in particular something that looks at first sight like a small comma, but is almost certainly in fact a badly-cast full stop, and has been rendered as such in the reprint. Sometimes an ordinary round full stop appears a little raised: this peculiarity has been disregarded. At others it is very much raised, and has been printed as reversed. But besides the ordinary round stop, the printer used a point which sometimes appears square and sometimes quite amorphous, raised to about in the position of a hyphen. This

has been rendered by a special point in this position, but no further notice has been taken of it. It appears to be always intended for a full point, and was so treated in the reprint of 1633.

Further the plays contain a large number of interrupted speeches, and these were evidently as a rule left unpointed in the manuscript from which the original edition was printed. The compositor appears to have followed the manuscript. In one instance near the beginning indeed he used a very long rule to indicate the break, but usually he put no final point whatever, though he may in some cases have used a hyphen. It is all the more difficult to be certain as to his practice because he has undoubtedly in some cases used a hyphen by mistake for a full stop (for instance after a speaker's name) and moreover some of his hyphens are very badly cast, and tend to resemble his square point. It has been the endeavour of the foregoing list to record all instances of possibly broken speeches and to show in each case how they were rendered in the 1633 reprint.

LIST OF CHARACTERS

in the order of their appearance in the play.

(Those marked * appear in the first part only, those marked † only in the second part.)

ANTONIO, son of Andrugio.	MATZAGENTE, son of the Duke of Milan.
PIERO SFORZA, doge of Venice.	ANDRUGIO, duke of Genoa.
*FELICHE,	LUCIO, his friend and follower.
BALURDO,	*a Page to Andrugio.
ALBERTO,	*a Painter.
FOROBOSCO,	†GASPAR STROTZO, confidant of Piero.
CASTILIO,	†MARIA, widow of Andrugio.
*CATZO, page to Castilio.	†NUTRICHE, her attendant.
*DILDO, page to Balurdo.	†PANDULPHO, father of Felice.
MELLIDA, daughter of Piero.	†two Pages.
*ROSSALINE, niece of Piero.	†JULIO, son of Piero.
*FLAVIA, a gentlewoman attendant on Mellida.	†two Senators of Venice.
GALEATZO, son of the Duke of Florence.	

Pages, attendants, a herald, waiting-women, a torch-bearer.

The superscription of a letter (1, 1. 1035) gives Castilio's full name as 'Sig.^r Castilio Balthazar'. Lucio is written Luceo in some places in part 2. Strotzo frequently appears as Strozso, a better spelling but contrary to the author's general practice. Nutriche is not, of course, a proper name, but is treated as such, and may point to some Italian source. Pandulpho, or Pandulfo, twice appears as Pandulpho Feliche (2, II. 223, 579). The two Pages of 2, III. i. ll. 973, 980, 982 belong to Piero's court; they appear as mutes in part 1 (ll. 220, 1682-3), while in part 2 at least four are required altogether (2, 1. 1821). The torch-bearer of 2, 1. 1999 is presumably one of them. The page who enters with Castilio in 2, I. ii (l. 224) may be Catzo; he does not speak. Similarly one of the mute waiting-women in 2, IV. i (l. 1468) is presumably Flavia, but she is not named. Feliche appears in part 2 apparently as a corpse only (though Bullen makes him a ghost), at any rate he has no part. Andrugio only appears in part 2 as a ghost. Castilio, Catzo, and Dildo enter at ll. 220-1, but speak first at ll. 541, 472, and 469 respectively (where there is some confusion as to mastership). Galeatzo and Matzagente appear at ll. 292 and 314, in 1, I. i, but speak only in the following act at ll. 669 and 662 respectively. Andrugio's page presumably enters at l. 1278, but is first mentioned at l. 1386: he evidently sings at l. 1411, and no doubt the speech beginning without prefix at l. 1474 is his; otherwise he only speaks l. 1558 (which evidently belongs to him and not to Dildo, who really leaves the stage at l. 1539).

At 1, l. 1278, the direction reads: 'Enter Andrugio, Lucio, Cole, and Norwod.' The last two names can hardly be anything but those of actors, though none so called are otherwise known. It does not follow that they played the parts of Andrugio and Lucio—probably not, since the page and possibly another attendant enter with them.

The collotype reproductions of *Antonio and Mellida* (A 1 and A 3 rectos) are from the Bodleian copy, those of *Antonio's Revenge* (A 1 and A 2 rectos) from that in the British Museum.

THE HISTORY OF Antonio and Mellida,

The first part.

*As it hath beene sundry times acted,
by the children of Paules.*

Written by I. M.



LONDON

Printed for Mathewe Lownes, and Thomas Fisher, and
are to be sould in Saint Dunstons Church-yard.

1602.

The Play called Antonio and

Mellida.

Induction.

¶ Enter Galeazzo, Piero, Alberio, Antonio, Forobosco, Balardo, Marzucchio, & Feliche, with pertains their hands: having cloakes cast quer their apparell.



One first, come: the musique will sounde straight for entrāce. Are yee readie, are yee perfect?

Pier. Faith, we can say our parts: but wee are ignorant in what mould we must cast our Actors.

Alberio. Whome doe you personate?

Pier. Piero, Duke of Venice.

Alb. O, ho: then thus frame your exterieor shape; To haucie forme of elate maiestic; As if you held the palsey shaking head Of reeling chaunce, vnder your fortunes belt; In strictest vassalage growe big in thought, As wolue with glory of succesfull armes.

Pier. If that be all, feare not, Ile sute it right. Who can not be proud, stroak vp the haire, and strut.

Al. Truth: such ranke custome is growne popular; And now the yulgar fashion strides as wide, And stalkes as proud, vpon the weakest stiles Of the slight ft fortunes, as if Hercules, Or burly Atlas shouldred vp their state.

Al. Good: but whome act you?

Alb. The necessitie of the play forceth me to act two parts; *Andrugio*, the distressed Duke of *Genoa*, and *Alberio*, a *Venetian* gentleman, enamoured on the *Ladie Rossaline*; whose fortunes being too weak to sustaine the port of her, he prou'd alwaies desolous in love: his worth being much vnderpoised by the vne-

ANTONIO S Keuenge.

The second part.

*As it hath beene sundry times acted,
by the children of Paules.*

Written by I. M.

a



LONDON

Printed for Thomas Fisher, and are to be sold in
Saint Dunstons Church-yard.

1602.



Antonios Reuenge.

¶ The second part of the Historie of
Antonio and Mellida.

¶ The Prologue.

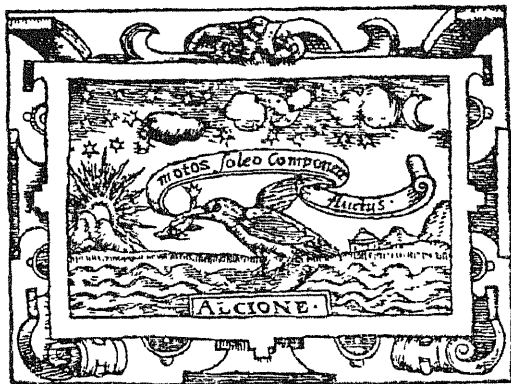
THE rawish danke of clumzie winter ramps
The fluent summers vaine and drizzling sleete
Chilleth the wan bleak cheek of the numd earth,
Whilst snarling gusts nibble the inyceles leaues,
From the nak't shuddring branch; and pils the skinne
From off the soft and delicate aspectes,
O, now, me thinks, a sullen tragick Sceane
Would suite the time, with pleasing congruence.
May we be happie in our weake deuoyer,
And all parte pleas'd in most wisht content:
But sweate of *Hercules* can nere beget
So blest an issue. Therefore we proclaime,
If any spirit breathes within this round,
Vncapable of waightie passion.
(As from his birth, being hugged in the armes,
And nuzzled twixt the breastes of happinesse)

THE HISTORY OF Antonio and Mellida.

The first part.

*As it hath beene sundry times acted,
by the children of Paules.*

Written by *I. M.*




LONDON

Printed for *Mathewe Lownes*, and *Thomas Fisher*, and
are to be sould in Saint Dunstons Church-yard.

1602.



To the onely rewarder, and most iust
poiser of vertuous merits, the most hono-
rably renowned No-body, bountious Me-
cenas of Poetry, and Lord Protector
of oppressed innocence,
Do, Dedicoque.

 *INCE it hath flow'd with the current of my
humorous bloode, to affect (a little too much)
to be seriously fantastickall: here take (most re-
spected Patron) the worthlesse present of my
slighter idlenes. If you vouchsaf not his protectiō
then, O thou sweetest perfectiō (Female beau tie) shield mee
from the stopping of vineger bottles. Which most wished fa-
uour if it faile me; then, Si nequeo flectere superos, A-
cheronta mouebo. But yet, Honours redeemer, vertues
aduancer, religions shelter, and pieties fosterer, Yet, yet
I faint not in despaire of thy gracious affection & protection:
to which I onely shall euer rest most seruingmanlike, obsequi-
ously making legs, and standing (after our free-borne English
garbe) bare headed.*

Thy onely affied slaue, and admirer,
I M.

The Play called Antonio and

Mellida.

Induction.

Ind.

¶ Enter Galeatzo, Piero, Alberto, Antonio, Forobosco, Barlurdo, Matzagente, & Feliche, with parts in their hands :
having cloakes cast ouer their apparell.



Ome firs, come : the musique will sounde
straight for entrance. Are yee readie, are
yee perfect ?

Pier. Faith, we can say our parts : but wee
are ignorant in what mould we must cast our Actors.

Albert. Whome doe you personate ?

10

Pie. Piero, Duke of Venice.

Alb. O, ho : then thus frame your exterior shape,
To hautie forme of elate maiestie ;
As if you held the palsey shaking head
Of reeling chaunce, vnder your fortunes belt,
In strictest vassalage : growe big in thought,
As swolne with glory of succesfull armes.

Pie. If that be all, feare not, Ile sute it right.
Who can not be proud, stroak vp the haire, and strut !

Al. Truth : such ranke custome is growne popular ; 20
And now the vulgar fashion strides as wide,
And stalkes as proud, vpon the weakeft stilts
Of the slight'st fortunes, as if *Hercules*,
Or burly *Atlas* shouldred vp their state.

Pi. Good : but whome act you ?

Alb. The necessitie of the play forceth me to act two
parts ; *Andrugio*, the distressed Duke of *Genoa*, and
Alberto, a *Venetian* gentleman, enamoured on the La-
die *Rossaline* : whose fortunes being too weake to sus-
taine the port of her, he prou'd alwaies defaistrous in 30
loue : his worth being much vnderpoised by the vne-

The first part of

uen scale, that currants all things by the outwarde stamp of opiniō. *Gal.* Wel, and what dost thou play?

Ba. The part of all the world.

Alb. The part of all the world? What's that?

Bal. The foole. I in good deede law now, I play *Balurdo*, a wealtheie mountbanking Burgomasco's heire of *Venice*.

Alb. Ha, ha : one, whose foppish nature might seem great, only for wise mens recreation; and, like a Iuice-⁴⁰ lesse barke, to preferue the sap of more strenuous spirits. A seruile hounde, that loues the sent of forerunning fashion, like an emptie hollow vault, still giuing an eccho to wit: greedily champing what any other well valued iudgement had before hand shew'd.

Foro. Ha, ha, ha : tolerably good, good faith sweet wag.

Alb. Vmh, why tolerably good, good faith sweet wag? Go, goe; you flatter me.

Foro. Right, I but dispose my speech to the habit of my part. *Alb.* Why, what plaies he? *To Feliche.* ⁵⁰

Fe. The wolfe, that eats into the breast of Princes; that breeds the Lethargy and falling sicknesse in honour; makes Iustice looke asquint, and blinks the eye of merited rewarde from viewing desertfull vertue.

Alb. Whats all this Periphrasis? ha?

Fe. The substance of a supple-chapt flatterer.

Alb. O, doth he play *Forobosco*, the Parasite? Good i-faith. Sirrah, you must seeme now as glib and straight in outward semblance, as a Ladies buske; though inwardly, as croffe as a paire of Tailors legs: hauing a ⁶⁰ tongue as nimble as his needle, with seruile patches of glauering flattery, to stitch vp the bracks of vnworthily honourd.

Fo.

Antonio and Mellida.

Fo. I warrant you, I warrant you, you shall see mee prooue the very Perewig to couer the balde pate of brainelesse gentilitie.

Ho, I will so tickle the sence of *bella gratiosa madonna*, with the titillation of Hyperbolicall praise, that Ile strike it in the nick, in the very nick, chuck.

Fel. Thou promistest more, than I hope any Spectator giues faith of performance: but why looke you so duskie? ha?

To Antonio.

Ant. I was neuer worse fitted since the natiuitie of my Actorshippe: I shalt be hift at, on my life now.

Fel. Why, what must you play?

Ant. Faith, I know not what: an Hermaphrodite; two parts in one: my true person being *Antonio*, son to the Duke of *Genoa*; though for the loue of *Mellida*, *Pieros* daughter, I take this fained presence of an *Amazon*, calling my selfe *Florizell*, and I know not what. I a voice to play a lady! I shall nere doe it.

Al. O, an *Amazon* should haue such a voice, *virago*-like. Not play two parts in one? away, away: tis common fashion. Nay if you cannot bear two subtile frōts vnder one hood, Ideot goe by, goe by; off this worlds stage. O times impuritie!

An. I, but whē vse hath taught me actiō, to hit the right point of a Ladies part, I shall growe ignorant when I must turne young Prince againe, how but to trusse my hose. (breaches still.

Fe. Tush neuer put them off: for women weare the

Mat. By the bright honour of a *Millanoise*, and the resplendent fulgor of this steele, I will defende the feminine to death; and ding his spirit to the verge of hell, that dares diuulge a Ladies preiudice. *Exit Ant. & Al.*

Fel.

The first part of

Fel. Rampum scampum, mount tuftie *Tamburlaine*.
What rattling thunderclappe breakes from his lips?

Alb. O, 'tis natue to his part. For, acting a moderne
Bragadoch vnder the person of *Matzagente*, the Duke of
Millaines sonne, it may seeme to suite with good fa- 100
shion of coherence.

Pie. But methinks he speaks with a spruce Attick ac-
cent of adulterate Spanish.

Al. So 'tis resolu'd. For, *Millane* being halfe Spanish,
halfe high Dutch, and halfe Italians, the blood of chi-
fest houses, is corrupt and mungrel'd: so that you shal
see a fellow vaine-glorious, for a Spaniard; gluttonous,
for a Dutchman; proud, for an Italian; and a fantastick
Ideot, for all. Such a one conceipt this *Matzagente*.

Fe. But I haue a part allotted mee, which I haue nei- 110
ther able apprehension to conceipt, nor what I con-
ceipt gracious abilitie to vtter. (of thy spirit.

Gal. Whoop, in the old cut? good shew vs a draught

Fel. Tis steddie, and must seeme so impreguably
fortrest with his own cōtent, that no enuious thought
could euer inuade his spirit: neuer surueying any man
so vnmeasuredly happie, whome I thought not iustly
hatefull for some true impouerishment: neuer behol-
ding any fauour of Madam *Felicity* gracing another,
which his well bounded content perswaded not to 120
hang in the front of his owne fortune: and therefore
as farre from enuying any man, as he valued all men
infinitely distant from accomplisht beatitude. These
natue adiuncts appropriate to me the name of *Feli-
che*. But last, good thy humour. *Exit Alb.*

A. Tis to be describ'd by signes & tokens. For vnlesse I
were possesst with a legiō of spirits, 'tis impossible to be
made per-

Antonio and Mellida.

perfpicuous by any vtterance : For fometimes he muft take aultere ftate, as for the perfon of *Galeatzo*, the fonne of the duke of *Florence*, & poffeffe his exteriour ¹³⁰ prefence with a formall maieftie : keepe popularitie in diftance, and on the fudden fling his honour fo prodigally into a common Arme, that hee may feeme to giue vp his indiscretion to the mercy of vulgar censure. Now as folemne as a trauailer, and as graue as a Puritanes ruffe : with the fame breath as flight and fcat- terd in his fafhion as as as a a any thing. Now, as fweet and neat as a Barbours cafting-bottle ; ftraight as flouenly as the yeafty breaft of an Ale-knight : now, lamenting : then chafing : ftraight laughing : then ¹⁴⁰

Feli. What then ?

Anto. Faith I know not what : 'tad bene a right part for *Proteus* or *Gem* : ho, blinde *Gem* would ha don't rarely, rarely.

Feli. I feare it is not poffible to limme fo many per- fons in fo fmall a tablet as the compaffe of our playes afford.

Anto. Right : therefore I haue heard that thofe per- fons, as he & you *Feliche*, that are but flightly drawn in this Comedie, fhould receiue more exact accom- ¹⁵⁰ plifhment in a fecond Part : which, if this obtaine gra- tious acceptance, meanes to try his fortune.

Feli. Peace, here comes the Prologue, cleare the Stage.

Exeunt.

B

The

The first Parte of

¶ *The Prologue.*

Prolog.

THE wreath of pleasure, and delicious sweetes,
Begirt the gentle front of this faire troope :

Select, and most respected Auditours,
For wits fake doe not dreame of miracles.

160

Alas, we shall but falter, if you lay
The least sad waight of an vnused hope,
Vpon our weakenesse: onely we giue vp
The woorthlesse present of slight idlenesse,
To your authentick censure; O that our Muse
Had those abstruse and synowy faculties,

That with a straine of fresh inuention
She might presse out the raritie of Art;
The pur't elixed ioyce of rich conceipt,
In your attentiu eares; that with the lip

170

Of gracious elocution, we might drinke
A sound carouse vnto your health of wit.
But O, the heathy drynesse of her braine,
Foyle to your fertile spirits, is asham'd
To breath her blushing numbers to such eares:
Yet (most ingenious) deigne to vaile our wants;
With sleeke acceptance, polih these rude Sceanes:
And if our slightnesse your large hope beguiles,
Check not with bended brow, but dimpled smiles.

Exit Prologue.

180

ACT.

ACT V S PRIMVS.

I. i

¶ The Cornets sound a battle within.

¶ Enter Antonio, disguised like an Amazon.

An. **H**EART, wilt not break! & thou abhorred life
Wilt thou still breath in my enraged bloud?

Vaines, synewes, arteries, why crack yee not?

Burst and dinul'st, with anguish of my griefe.

Can man by no meanes creepe out of himselfe,

And leaue the slough of viperous griefe behinde?

Antonio, hast thou seene a fight at sea,

190

As horrid as the hideous day of doome;

Betwixt thy father, duke of *Genoa*,

And proud *Piero*, the *Venetian* Prince?

In which the sea hath swolne with *Genoas* bloud,

And made spring tydes with the warme reeking gore,

That gusht from out our Gallies scupper holes;

In which, thy father, poore *Andrugio*,

Lyes sunk, or leapt into the armes of chaunce,

Choakt with the laboring Oceans brackish fume;

Who euen, despite *Pieros* cancred hate,

200

Would with an armed hand haue seiz'd thy loue,

And linkt thee to the beautilous *Mellida*.

Haue I outliu'd the death of all these hopes?

Haue I felt anguish pourd into my heart,

Burning like *Balsamum* in tender wounds;

And yet dost liue! could not the fretting sea

Haue rowl'd me vp in wrinkles of his browe?

The first Parte of

VVhy then: *O me Celitum excelsissimum!*

The intestine malice, and inueterate hate

I alwaies bore to that *Andrugio*,

Glories in triumph ore his misery:

270

Nor shall that carpet-boy *Antonio*

Match with my daughter, sweet cheekt *Mellida*.

No, the publick power makes my faction strong.

Fel. Ill, when publick power strēgthneth priuate wrōg.

Pie. Tis horse-like, not for man, to know his force.

Fel. Tis god-like, for a man to feele remorse.

Pie. Pish, I prosecute my families reuenge,

VVhich Ile pursue with such a burning chace

Till I haue dri'd vp all *Andrugios* bloud;

VVeake rage, that with slight pittie is withstoode. 280

¶ *The Cornets sound a flourish.*

VVhat meanes that fresh triumphall flourish sound?

Alb. The prince of *Millane*, and young *Florence* heir
Approach to gratulate your victorie.

Pie. VVeele girt them with an ample waste of loue;
Conduct them to our prefence royally.

Let vollies of the great Artillery

From of our gallies banks play prodigall,

And soūd lowd welcome frō their bellowing mouths.

Exit Piero tantum.

290

¶ *The Cornets sound a Cynet. Enter aboue, Mellida, Rosaline and Flauia: Enter belowe, Galeatzo with attendants: Piero meeteth him, embraceth; at which the Cornets sound a flourish: Piero and Galeatzo exeunt: the rest stand still.* (thers guard?)

Mell. VVhat prince was that passed through my fa-

Fla.

Antonio and Mellida.

Fla. Twas *Galeatzo*, the young *Florentine*.

Rof. Troth, one that will besiege thy maidenhead,
Enter the wals yfaith (sweet *Mellida*)
If that thy flankers be not Canon prooffe.

300

Mell. Oh *Mary Ambree*, good, thy iudgement wench;
Thy bright electious cleere, what will he prooue?

Rofs. Hath a short finger and a naked chinne;
A skipping eye, dare lay my iudgement (faith)
His loue is glibbery; there's no hold ont, wench:
Giue me a husband whose aspect is firme,
A full cheekt gallant, with a bouncing thigh:
Oh, he is the *Paradizo dell madonne contento*.

Mell. Euen such a one was my *Antonio*.

¶ *The Cornets sound a Cynet.*

310

Rossa. By my nine and thirteth seruant (sweete)
Thou art in loue, but stand on tiptoed faire,
Here comes Saint *Triftram Tirlery whiffe* yfaith.

¶ *Enter Matzagente, Piero meetes him, embraceth; at which
the Cornets sound a florish: they two stand, vsing seeming
complements, whilst the Sceane passeth aboue.*

Mell. S. Marke, S. Marke, what kind of thing appears?

Rofs. For fancies passion, spit vpon him; figh:
His face is varnisht: in the name of loue,
VVhat country bred that creature?

320

Mell. VVhat is he *Flauia*?

Fla. The heire of *Millane*, *Segnior Matzagent*.

Rofs. *Matzagent*? now by my pleasures hope,
He is made like a tilting staffe; and looks
For all the world like an ore-rosted pigge:
A great *Tobacco* taker too, thats flat.

The first Parte of

For his eyes looke as if they had bene hung
In the smoake of his nose.

Mell. What husband, wil he prooue sweete *Rossaline*?

Ross. Auoid him: for he hath a dwindled legge, 330
A lowe forehead, and a thinne cole-black beard,
And will be iealous too, beleeeue it sweete:

For his chin sweats, and hath a gander neck,

A thinne lippe, and a little monkish eye:

Pretious, what a slender waste he hath!

He looks like a May-pole, or a notched stick:

Heele snap in two at euery little straine.

Giue me a husband that will fill mine armes,

Of steddie iudgement, quicke and nimble sense:

Fooles relish not a Ladies excellence.

Exeunt all on the lower Stage: at which the Cornets sound a 340
florish, and a peale of shot is giuen.

Mell. The tryumph's ended, but looke *Rossaline*,
What gloomy soule in strange accustrements
Walkes on the pauement.

Rossa. Good sweete lets to her, pree the *Mellida*.

Mell. How couetous thou art of nouelties!

Rossa. Pish, tis our nature to desire things
That are thought strangers to the common cut.

Mell. I am exceeding willing, but————— 350

Ross. But what? pree the goe downe, lets see her face:
God send that neither wit nor beauty wants
Those tempting sweets, affections Adamants. *Exeunt.*

Anto. Come downe, she comes like: O, no Simile
Is pretious, choyce, or elegant enough
To illustrate her descent: leape heart, she comes,
She

Antonio and Mellida.

She comes : smile heauen, and softest Southern winde
Kisse her cheeke gently with perfumed breath.

She comes : Creations puritie, admir'd,
Ador'd, amazing raritie, she comes.

360

O now *Antonio* presse thy spirit forth
In following passion, knit thy senses close,
Heape vp thy powers, double all thy man :

¶ *Enter Mellida, Rossaline, and Flauia.*

She comes. O how her eyes dart wonder on my heart !
Mount bloode, foule to my lips, tast *Hebes* cup :
Stand firme on decke, when beauties close fight's vp.

Mel. Ladie, your strange habit doth beget
Our pregnant thoughts, euen great of much desire,
To be acquaint with your condition.

370

Rossa. Good sweete Lady, without more ceremonies,
What country claims your birth, & sweet your name :

Anto. In hope your bountie will extend it selfe,
In selfe same nature of faire curtesie,
Ile shunne all nicenesse ; my nam's *Florizell*,
My country *Scythia*, I am *Amazon*,
Cast on this shore by furie of the sea.

(names.

Ross. Nay faith, sweete creature, weele not vaile our
It pleas'd the Font to dip me *Rossaline* :
That Ladie beares the name of *Mellida*,
The duke of *Venice* daughter.

380

Anto. Madam, I am oblig'd to kisse your hand,
By imposition of a now dead man.

To Mellida kissing her hand.

Rossa. Now by my troth, I long beyond all thought,
To know the man ; sweet beauty deigne his name.

C

Anto. Lady,

The first part of

Anto. Ladie, the circumstance is tedious.

Ros. Troth not a whit; good faire, lets haue it all:
I loue not, I, to haue a iot left out,
If the tale come from a lou'd Orator.

390

Anto. Vouchsafe me then your hush't obseruances.
Vehement in pursuite of strange nouelties,
After long trauaile through the *Asian* maine,
I shipt my hopefull thoughts for *Britany*;
Longing to viewe great natures miracle,
The glorie of our sex, whose fame doth strike
Remotest eares with adoration.
Sayling some two monthes with inconstant winds,
We view'd the glistering *Venetian* forts;
To which we made: when loe, some three leagues off, 400
We might descry a horred spectacle:
The issue of black fury strow'd the sea,
With tattered carcasses of splitted ships,
Halfe sinking, burning, floating, topsie turuie.
Not farre from these sad ruines of fell rage,
We might behold a creature presse the waues;
Senselesse he sprauld, all notcht with gaping wounds:
To him we made, and (short) we tooke him vp:
The first word that he spake was, *Mellida*;
And then he swounded.

410

Mell. Aye me!

Anto. Why sigh you, faire?

Ros. Nothing but little humours: good sweet, on.

Anto. His wounds being drest, and life recouered,
We gan discourse; when loe, the sea grewe mad,
His bowels rumbling with winde passion,

Straight

Antonio and Mellida.

Straight swarthy darknesse popt out *Phæbus* eye,
And blurd the iocund face of bright cheekt day ;
Whilst crudl'd fogges masked euen darknesse brow :
Heauen bad's good night, and the rocks gron'd 420
At the intestine vpror of the maine.

Now gustie flawes strook vp the very heeles
Of our maine mast, whilst the keene lightning shot
Through the black bowels of the quaking ayre :
Straight chops a waue, and in his siftred panch
Downe fals our ship, and there he breaks his neck :
Which in an instant vp was belkt againe.

VWhen thus this martyrd soule began to figh ;
Giue me your hand (quoth he) now doe you graspe ”
Th'vnequall mirrour of ragg'd misery : ” 430

Is't not a horrid storme? O, well shap't sweete, (woüds, ”
Could your quicke eye strike through these gashed ”
You should beholde a heart, a heart, faire creature, ”
Raging more wilde then is this franticke sea. ”

VVolt doe me a fauour, if thou chance suruiue? ”

But visit *Venice*, kisse the pretious white ”

Of my most ; nay all all Epithites are base ”

To attribute to gracious *Mellida* : ”

Tell her the spirit of *Antonio* ”

VVisheth his last gaspe breath'd vpon her breast. ” 440

Ros. VVhy weepes soft hearted *Florissell*?

Ant. Alas, the flintie rocks groand at his plaints.

Tell her (quoth he) that her obdurate fire
Hath crackt his bosome ; therewithall he wept,
And thus figh't on. The sea is merciful ;
Looke how it gapes to bury all my grieve:

The first part of

Well, thou shalt haue it, thou shalt be his tounge :

My faith in my loue liue ; in thee, dy woe,

Dye vnmatcht anguish, dye *Antonio* :

With that he totterd from the reeling decke, 450

And downe he funke.

Ross. Pleasures bodie, what makes my Lady weepe ?

Mell. Nothing, sweet *Rossaline*, but the ayer's sharpe.

My fathers Palace, Madam, will be proud

To entertaine your prefence, if youle daine

To make repose within. Aye me !

Ant. Ladie our fashion is not curious.

Ross. Faith all the nobler, tis more generous.

Mell. Shall I then know how fortune fell at last,
What succour came, or what strange fate infew'd ? 460

Ant. Most willingly : but this same court is vast,
And publike to the staring multitude.

Rossa. Sweet Lady, nay good sweet, now by my troth
VVeele be bedfellowes : durt on complement froth.

Exeunt ; Rossaline giuing Antonio the way.

ACTVS SECVNDVS. 11. i

¶ *Enter Catzo (with a Capon) eating, Dildo following him.*

Dil. **H**AH *Catzo*, your master wants a cleane trencher : doe you heare ? 470

Balardo calls for your diminutive attendance.

Catz. The belly hath no cares *Dildo*.

Dil. Good pugge giue me some capon.

Catz. No

Antonio and Mellida.

Catz. No capon, no not a bitte yee smooth bully; capon's no meat for *Dildo*: milke, milke, yee glibbery vrchin, is foode for infants.

Dil. Vpon mine honour

Cat. Your honour with a paugh? slid, nowe euery Iack an Apes loads his backe with the golden coat of honour; euery Affe puts on the Lyons skinne and roars ⁴⁸⁰ his honour, vpon your honour. By my Ladies panta-ble, I feare I shall liue to heare a Vintners boy cry; tis rich neat Canary, vpon my honour.

Dil. My stomack's vp.

Cat. I think thou art hungry.

Dil. The match of furie is lighted, fastned to the linstock of rage, and will presently set fire to the touch-hole of intemperance, discharging the double coulue-
ring of my incensment in the face of thy opprobrious
speech. 490

Cat. Ile stop the barrell thus; god *Dildo*, set not fire to the touch-hole.

Dil. My rage is stopt, and I wil eate to the health of the foole thy master *Castilio*.

Cat. And I will suck the iuyce of the capon, to the health of the Idiot thy master *Balurdo*.

Dil. Faith, our masters are like a case of Rapiers sheathed in one scabberd of folly.

Cat. Right dutch blades. But was't not rare sport at the sea-battle, whilst rounce robble hobble roard from ⁵⁰⁰ the ship sides, to viewe our masters pluck their plumes and droppe their feathers, for feare of being men of marke.

The first part of

Dill. Slud (cri'd *Signior Balurdo*) O for *Don Befsiclers* armour, in the Mirror of Knighthood : what coil's here ? O for an armour, Canon prooffe : O, more cable, more fetherbeds, more fetherbeds, more cable, till hee had as much as my cable hatband, to fence him.

¶ *Enter Flauia in hafte, with a rebato.*

Catz. Buxome *Flauia* : can you fing ? song, song. 510

Fla. My sweete *Dildo*, I am not for you at this time : Madam *Roffaline* itayes for a fresh ruffe to appeare in the prefence : sweete away.

Dil. Twill not be fo put off, delicate, delicious, fpark eyed, sleek skind, flēder waisted, clean legd, rarely fhap't.

Fla. VVho, Ile be at all your feruice another feafon : nay faith ther's reason in all things.

Dil. VVould I were reason then, that I might be in all things.

Cat. The breefe and the femiquauer is, wee muft 520 haue the defcant you made vpon our names, ere you depart.

Fla. Faith, the song will feeme to come off hardly.

Catz. Troth not a whit, if you feeme to come off quickly.

Fla. Peart *Catzo*, knock it luftily then.

C A N T A N T.

¶ *Enter Forobosco, with two torches : Castilio finging fantastically : Roffaline running a Caranto pafe, and Balurdo : Feliche following, wondring at them all.* 530

Foro. Make place gentlemen ; pages, hold torches, the prince approacheth the prefence.

Dill. VVhat fqueaking cart-wheel haue we here ? ha ?
Make

Antonio and Mellida.

Make place gentlemen, pages holde torches, the prince approacheth the presence.

Ros. Faugh, what a strong sent's here, some bodie vseth to weare socks.

Bal. By this faire candle light, tis not my feete, I neuer wore socks since I suckt pappe.

Ros. Sauourly put off.

54c

Cast. Hah, her wit stings, blisters, galles off the skinne with the tart acrimony of her sharpe quicknesse: by sweetenesse, she is the very *Pallas* that flew out of *Iupiter's* brainepan. Delicious creature, vouchsafe mee your seruice: by the puritie of bounty, I shall be proud of such bondage.

Ros. I vouchsafe it; be my slaue. *Signior Balurdo*, wilt thou be my seruant too?

Ba. O god: forsooth in very good earnest, law, you wold make me as a man should say, as a man should say. 550

Fe. Slud sweet beauty, will you deign him your seruice?

Ros. O, your foole is your only seruant. But good *Feliche* why art thou so sad? a pennie for thy thought, mā.

Feli. I sell not my thought so cheap: I valewe my meditation at a higher rate.

Ball. In good sober sadnesse, sweet mistris, you should haue had my thought for a penny: by this crimson Satten that cost eleuen shillings, thirteene pence, three pence, halfe pennie a yard, that you should, law.

Ros. VVhat was thy thought, good seruant?

560

Ba. Marrieforsooth, how manie strike of peasewould feed a hog fat against Christide. (fence.

Ro. Paugh; seruant rub out my rheum, it soilesthe pre-

The first part of

Casti. By my wealthieft thought, you grace my fhoo
with an vnmeasured honour : I will preferue the foale
of it, as a moft facred relique, for this feruice.

Roff. Ile fpit in thy mouth, and thou wilt, to grace
thee.

Felich. O that the ftomack of this queafie age
Digeftes, or brookes fuch raw vnfeafoned gobs, 570
And vomits not them forth ! O flauifh fots.
Seruant quoth you ? faugh : if a dogge fhould craue
And beg her feruice, he fhould haue it ftraight :
Sheed giue him fauours too ; to lick her feete,
Or fetch her fanne, or fome fuch drudgery :
A good dogs office, which thefe amorilts
Tryumph of : tis rare, well giue her more Affe,
More fot, as long as dropping of her nofe
Is fworne rich pearle by fuch low flauies as thofe.

Roff. Flauia, attend me to attire me. 580

Exit Roffaline and Flauia.

Balur. In fad good earnest, fir, you haue toucht the
very bare of naked truth ; my filk ftocking hath a good
gloffe, and I thanke my planets, my legge is not alto-
gether vnpropitiously fhap't. There's a word : vnpro-
pitiously ? I thinke I fhall fpeake vnpropitiously as well
as any courtier in *Italy*.

Foro. So helpe me your sweete bounty, you haue the
moft gracefull prefence, applaufue elecuty, amazing
volubility, polifht adoration, delicious affabilitie. 590

Fel. Whop : fut how he tickles yon trout vnder the
gilles ! you fhall fee him take him by and by, with gro-
ping flattery.

Foro. That

Antonio and Mellida.

Foro. That euer raiulht the eare of wonder. By your sweete selfe, then whome I knowe not a more exquisite, illustrate, accomplished, pure, respected, ador'd, obserued, pretious, reall, magnanimous, bou-tious: if you haue an idle rich cast ierkin, or so, it shall not be cast away, if; hah? heres a foreheade, an eye, a heade, a haire, that would make a: or if you haue a- 600
ny spare paire of siluer spurs, ile doe you as much right in all kinde offices

Fel. Of a kinde Parasite

Foro. As any of my meane fortunes shall be able to

Balur. As I am true Christian now, thou hast wonne the spurres

Feli. For flattery.

O how I hate that same Egyptian louse;
A rotten maggot, that liues by stinking filth
Of tainted spirits: vengeance to such dogs,
That sprout by gnawing senselesse carion.

610

¶ *Enter Alberto.*

Alb. Gallants, saw you my mistresse, the Ladie *Rossaline*?

Foro. My mistresse, the Ladie *Rossaline*, left the presence euen now.

Casti. My mistresse, the Ladie *Rossaline*, withdrewe her gracious aspect euen now.

Balur. My mistresse, the Ladie *Rossaline*, withdrewe her gracious aspect euen now. 620

Felich. Well said eccho.

Alb. My mistresse, and his mistresse, and your mistresse, & the dogs mistresse: pretious dear heauen, that

D

Alberto

The first Parte of

Alberto liues, to haue such riuals.

Slid, I haue bin searching euery priuate rome,
Corner, and secret angle of the court :

And yet, and yet, and yet she liues conceal'd.

Good sweete *Feliche*, tell me how to finde

My bright fac't mistresse out.

Fel. Why man, cry out for lanthorne and candle-^{63c}
light. For tis your onely way, to finde your bright fla-
ming wench, with your light burning torch : for most
commonly, these light creatures liue in darknesse.

Alb. Away you heretike, youle be burnt for

Fel. Goe, you amorous hound, follow the sent of
your mistresse shooe ; away.

Foro. Make a faire presence, boyes, aduance your
lightes :

The Princeesse makes approach.

Bal. And please the gods, now in very good deede, ^{64c}
law, you shal see me tickle the measures for the heauens.
Doe my hangers showe ?

¶ *Enter Piero, Antonio, Mellida, Rossaline, Galeatzo, Mat-
zagente, Alberto, and Flauia. As they enter, Feliche, &
Castilio make a ranke for the Duke to passe through. Foro-
bosco vsbers the Duke to his state : then whilst Piero spea-
keth his first speech, Mellida is taken by Galeatzo and
Matzagente, to daunce ; they supporting her : Rossa-
line, in like maner, by Alberto and Balurdo : Flauia, by
Feliche and Castilio.*

650

Pier. Beauti-

Antonio and Mellida.

Pie. Beautious Amazon, fit, and feat your thoughts
In the repofure of moft foft content.
Sound mufick there. Nay daughter, cleare your eyes,
From thefe dull fogs of miftie difcontent :
Look fprightly girl. What? though *Antonio's* droun'd,
That peeuiſh dotard on thy excellence,
That hated iffue of *Andrugio* :
Yet maiſt thou tryumph in my victories ;
Since, loe, the high borne bloodes of Italy
Sue for thy feate of loue. *Let mufique ſound.* 660
Beautie and youth run defcant on loues ground.

Matz. Ladie, erect your gracious ſummetry :
Shine in the ſpheare of ſweete affection :
Your eye as heaueie, as the heart of night.

Mell. My thoughts are as black as your bearde, my
fortunes as ill proportioned as your legs ; and all the
powers of my minde, as leaden as your wit, and as
duſtie as your face is ſwarthy.

Gal. Faith ſweet, ile lay thee on the lips for that ieſt.

Mell. I pree thee intrude not on a dead mans right. 670

Gal. No, but the liuings iuſt poſſeſſion.
Thy lips, and loue, are mine.

Mell. You nere tooke ſeizin on them yet: forbeare:
There's not a vacant corner of my heart,
But all is fild with deade *Antonios* loſſe.
Then vrge no more ; O leaue to loue at all ;
Tis leſſe diſgracefull, not to mount, then fall.

Mat. Bright and refulgent Ladie, daine your eare :
You ſee this blade, had it a courtly lip,
It would diuulge my valour, plead my loue, 680

The first Parte of

Iustle that skipping feeble amorist

Out of your loues seat ; I am *Matzagent*. (eare

Gale. Harke thee, I pray thee taint not thy sweete
With that sots gabble ; By thy beautious cheekes,
He is the flaggingst bulrush that ere droopt
With each slight mist of raine. But with pleas^d eye
Smile on my courtshippe.

Mel. What said you fir ? alas my thought wax fixt
Vpon another obiect. Good, forbear :

I shall but weepe. Aye me, what bootes a teare ! 690

Come, come, lets daunce. O musicke thou distillst
More sweetnesse in vs then this iarring world :
Both time and measure from thy straines doe breath,
Whilst from the channell of this durt doth flowe
Nothing but timelesse griefe, vnmeasured woe.

Anto. O how impatience cramps my cracked veins,
And cruddles thicke my blood, with boiling rage !
O eyes, why leape you not like thunderbolts,
Or canon bullets in my riuals face ;

Oy me infeliche misero, o lamenteuol fato ! 700

Alber. What meanes the Lady fal vpon the ground ?

Roff. Belike the falling sicknesse. (wilde :

Anto. I cannot brooke this sight, my thoughts grow
Here lies a wretch, on whome heauen neuer smilde.

Roff. What seruant, nere a word, and I here man ?

I would shoot some speech forth, to strike the time

With pleasing touch of amorous complement.

Say sweete, what keeps thy minde, what thinkst thou

Alb. Nothing. on ?

Roffa. Whats that nothing ? 710

Alb. A

Antonio and Mellida.

Alb. A womans constancie.

Rossa. Good, why, would'st thou haue vs fluts, & neuer shift the vestur of our thoughts? Away for shame.

Alb. O no, thart too constant to afflict my heart,
Too too firme fixed in vnmooued scorne.

Ross. Pish, pish; I fixed in vnmooued scorne?
Why, Ile loue thee to night.

Alb. But whome to morrow?

Ross. Faith, as the toy puts me in the head.

Bal. And pleased the marble heauens, now would I ⁷²⁰
might be the toy, to put you in the head, kindly to conceipt my my my: pray you giue in an Epithite for

Fel. Roaring, roaring. (loue.
O loue thou hast murdred me, made me a shadowe,
and you heare not *Balurdo*, but *Balurdos* ghoft.

Ross. Can a ghoft speake?

Bal. Scuruily, as I doe.

Ross. And walke?

Bal. After their fashion.

Ross. And eate apples?

730

Bal. In a fort, in their garbe.

Feli. Pree thee *Flauia* be my mistresse.

Fla. Your reason, good *Feliche*?

Fel. Faith, I haue nineteene mistresses alreadie, and I
not much disdeigne that thou shold'st make vp the ful
score.

Fla. Oh, I heare you make common places of your
mistresses, to performe the office of memory by. Pray
you, in auncient times were not those fatten hofe? In
good faith, now they are new dyed, pinkt & scoured, ⁷⁴⁰
D₃ they

The first Parte of

they shoue as well as if they were new.

What, mute *Balordo*?

Feli. I in faith, & twere not forprinting, and painting,
my breech, and your face would be out of reparation.

Bal. I, an faith, and twere not for printing, & pointing,
my breech, and your face would be out of reparation.

Fel. Good againe, Echo.

Fla. Thou art, by nature, too foule to be affected.

Feli. And thou, by Art, too faire to be beloued. 750
By wits life, most sparke spirits, but hard chance.

La ty dine.

Pie. Gallants, the night growes old ; & downy sleep
Courts vs, to entertaine his company :

Our tyred lymbes, bruf'd in the morning fight,
Intreat soft rest, and gentle husht repose.

Fill out Greeke wines ; prepare fresh cressit-light :
Weele haue a banquet : Princes, then good night.

¶ *The Cornets sound a Synnet, and the Duke goes out in
state. As they are going out, Antonio stayes Mellida : 760
the rest Exeunt.*

(you ?

An. What meanes these scattred looks ? why tremble
Why quake your thoughts, in your distracted eyes ?

Collect your spirits, Madam ; what doe you see ?

Dost not beholde a ghost ?

Look, look where he stalks, wrapt vp in clouds of grief,
Darting his fowle, vpon thy wondring eyes.

Looke, he comes towards thee ; see, he stretcheth out
His

Antonio and Mellida.

His wretched armes to girt thy loued waste,
With a most wisht embrace: see'st him not yet?
Nor yet? Ha, *Mellida*; thou well maist erre:
For looke; he walkes not like *Antonio*:
Like that *Antonio*, that this morning shone,
In glistering habilliments of armes,
To seize his loue, spight of her fathers spite:
But like himselfe, wretched, and miserable,
Banisht, forlorne, despairing, strook quite through,
With sinking griefe, rowld vp in seauen-fould doubles
Of plagues, vanquishable: harke, he speakes to thee. 780

Mell. Alas, I can not heare, nor see him.

Anto. Why? al this night about the roome he stalt,
And groand, and houl'd, with raging passion,
To view his loue (life blood of all his hopes,
Crowne of his fortunes) clipt by strangers armes.
Looke but behinde thee.

Mel. O, *Antonio*; my Lord, my Loue, my

An. Leaue passion, sweet; for time, place, aire, & earth,
Are all our foes: feare, and be iealous; faire,
Lets fly. 790

Mell. Deare heart; ha, whether?

Anto. O, tis no matter whether, but lets fly.
Ha! now I thinke ont, I haue nere a home:
No father, friend, no country to imbrace
These wretched limbes: the world, the All that is,
Is all my foe: a prince not worth a doite:
Onelie my head is hoised to high rate,
Worth twentie thousand double Pistolets,
To him that can but strike it from these shoulders.

The first Parte of

But come sweete creature, thou shalt be my home ; 800

My father, country, riches, and my friend :

My all, my foule ; and thou and I will liue :

(Lets thinke like what) and thou and I will liue

Like ynmatcht mirrors of calamitie.

The iealous eare of night eaue-drops our talke.

Holde thee, thers a iewell ; & look thee, thers a note

That will direct thee when, where, how to fly ;

Bid me adieu.

Mell. Farewell bleak misery.

Anto. Stay sweet, lets kisse before you goe. 810

Mel. Farewell deare foule.

Anto. Farewell my life, my heart.

ACTVS TERTIVS. III. i

¶ *Enter Andrugio in armour, Lucio with a sheepeheard
gowne in his hand, and a Page.*

(flakes,

Andr. **I**S not yon gleame, the shuddering morne that
With siluer tinctur, the east vierge of heauen?

Lu. I thinke it is, so please your excellence.

Andr. Away, I haue no excellence to please. 820

Pre the obserue the custome of the world,

That onely flatters greatnesse, States exalts.

And please my excellence ! O *Lucio.*

Thou hast bin euer held respected deare,

Euen pretious to *Andrugios* inmost loue.

Good, flatter not. Nay, if thou giu'st not faith

That I am wretched, O read that, read that.

Piero

Antonio and Mellida.

☞ *Piero Sforza, to the Italian
Princes, fortune.*

EXCELLENT, the iust ouerthrowe, Andrugio ⁸³⁰
tooke in the Venetian gulfe, hath so assured the Geno-
uaies of the iustice of his cause, and the hatefulnessse of his
person, that they haue banisht him and all his family: and,
for confirmation of their peace with vs, haue vowed, that if
he, or his sonne, can be attached, to send vs both their heads.
Wee therefore, by force of our vnitied league, forbid you to
harbour him, or his blood: but if you apprehend his person,
we intreat you to send him, or his head, to vs. For wee vowe
by the honour of our blood, to recompence any man that
bringeth his head, with twentie thousand double Pistolets, ⁸⁴⁰
and the indeering to our choysest loue.

From Venice: PIERO SFORZA.

Andr. My thoughts are fixt in contemplation
Why this huge earth, this monstrous animal,
That eats her children, should not haue eyes & ears.
Philosophie maintaines that Natur's wife,
And formes no vselesse or vnperfect thing.
Did Nature make the earth, or the earth Nature?
For earthly durt makes all things, makes the man,
Moulds me vp honour; and like a cunning Dutchmā, ⁸⁵⁰
Paints me a puppit euen with seeming breath,
And giues a sot appearance of a soule.
Goe to, goe to; thou liest Philosophy.

E

Nature

The first part of

Nature formes things vnperfect, vselesse, vaine.
Why made she not the earth with eyes and eares?
That she might see desert, and heare mens plaints:
That when a soule is splitted, funke with grieve,
He might fall thus, vpon the breast of earth;
And in her eare, halloo his misery:
Exclaming thus. O thou all bearing earth, (mouths, 86
Which men doe gape for, till thou cramst their
And choakst their throts with dust: Ochaune thy brest,
And let me sinke into thee. Looke who knocks;
Andrugio cals. But O, she's deafe and blinde.
A wretch, but leane reliefe on earth can finde.
Lu. Sweet Lord, abandon passion, and disarme.
Since by the fortune of the tumbling sea,
We are rowl'd vp, vpon the *Venice* marsh,
Lets clip all fortune, least more lowring fate
And. More lowring fate? O *Lucio*, choak that breath. 870
Now I desie chaunce. Fortunes browe hath frown'd,
Euen to the vtmost wrinkle it can bend:
Her venom's spit. Alas, what country rests,
What sonne, what comfort that she can depriue?
Tryumphes not *Venice* in my ouerthrow?
Gapes not my native country for my blood?
Lies not my sonne tomb'd in the swelling maine?
And yet more lowring fate? There's nothing left
Vnto *Andrugio*, but *Andrugio*:
And that nor mischief, force, distresse, nor hel can take. 880
Fortune my fortunes, not my minde shall shake.
Lu. Speake like your selfe: but giue me leaue, my Lord,
To wish your safetie. If you are but seene,

{our

Antonio and Mellida.

Your armes display you ; therefore put them off,
And take (foes?)

And. Would'st thou haue me go vnarm'd among my
Being besieg'd by passion, entring lists,
To combat with despair and mightie griefe :
My soule beleaguerd with the crushing strength
Of sharpe impatience. Ha *Lucio*, goe vnarm'd? 890
Come soule, resume the valour of thy brith ;
My selfe, my selfe will dare all opposits :
Ile muster forces, an vnvanquisht power :
Cornets of horse shall presse th'vngratefull earth ;
This hollow wombed masse shall inly grone,
And murmur to sustaine the waight of armes :
Gastly amazement, with vpstart haire,
Shall hurry on before, and vs her vs,
Whil'st trumpets clamour, with a found of death.

Lu. Peace, good my Lord, your speach is al too light. 900
Alas, suruey your fortunes, looke what's left
Of all your forces, and your vtmost hopes ?
A weake old man, a Page, and your poore selfe.

And. *Andrugio* liues, and a faire cause of armes,
Why that's an armie all inuincible.
He who hath that, hath a battalion
Royal, armour of prooffe, huge troupes of barbed steeds,
Maine squares of pikes, millions of harguebussh.
O, a faire cause stands firme, and will abide.
Legions of Angels fight vpon her side. 910

Lu. Then, noble spirit, slide in strange disguise,
Vnto some gracious Prince, and sojourne there,
Till time, and fortune giue reuenge firme meanes.

The first part of

And. No, ile not trust the honour of a man :
Golde is growne great, and makes *perfidiousnesse*
A common water in most Princes Courts :
He's in the Chekle-roule : Ile not trust my blood ;
I know none breathing, but will cogge a dye
For twentie thousand double Pistolets.
How goes the time?

920

Luc. I saw no funne to day.

And. No fun wil shine, where poor *Andrugio* breaths.
My foule growes heauie : boy let's haue a song :
Weele sing yet, faith, euen despite of fate.

C A N T A N T.

And. Tis a good boy, & by my troth, well fung.
O, and thou felt'st my grieve, I warrant thee,
Thou would'st haue strook diuision to the height ;
And made the life of musicke breath : hold boy : why so?
For Gods sake call me not *Andrugio*,
That I may soone forget what I haue bin.
For heauens name, name not *Antonio* ;
That I may not remember he was mine.
Well, ere yon sunne set, ile shew my selfe my selfe,
Worthy my blood. I was a Duke ; that's all.
No matter whether, but from whence we fall. *Exeunt.*

930

¶ *Enter Feliche walking, vnbrac't.*

III. ii

Fe. Castilio? Alberto? Balurdo? none vp?

Forobosco? Flattery, nor thou vp yet :

Then there's no Courtier stirring : that's firme truth?

940

I cannot sleepe : Feliche seldome rests

In

Antonio and Mellida.

In these court lodgings. I haue walkt all night,
To see if the nocturnall court delights
Could force me enuie their felicitie:
And by plaine troth; I will confesse plaine troth:
I enuie nothing, but the Trauense light.
O, had it eyes, and eares, and tongues, it might
See sport, heare speach of most strange surquedries.
O, if that candle-light were made a Poet,
He would prooue a rare firking Satyrift, 95
And drawe the core forth of impostum'd sin.
Well, I thanke heauen yet, that my content
Can enuie nothing, but poore candle-light.
As for the other glistering copper spangs,
That glisten in the tyer of the Court,
Praise God, I eyther hate, or pittie them.
Well, here ile sleepe till that the sceane of vp
Is past at Court. O calme husht rich content,
Is there a being blessednesse without thee? (rest,
How soft thou down'st the couch where thou dost 96
Nectar to life, thou sweet Ambrosian feast.

¶ *Enter Castilio and his Page: Castilio with a casting bottle
of sweete water in his hand, sprinkling himselfe.*

Cast. Am not I a most sweete youth now?

Cat. Yes, when your throat's perfum'd; your verie
Doe smell of Amber greece. O stay fir, stay; (words
Sprinkle some sweete water to your shooes heeles,
That your mistresse may sweare you haue a sweet foot.

Cast. Good, very good, very passing passing good.

The first part of

Fel. Fut, what trebble minikin squeaks there, ha? good? 970
very good, very very good?

Casti. I will warble to the delicious conceale of my
Mistresse eare: and strike her thoughts with
The pleasing touch of my voice.

C A N T A N T.

Cast. *Feliche*, health, fortune, mirth, and wine,

Fel. To thee my loue diuine.

Cast. I drinke to thee, sweeting.

Fel. Plague on thee for an Ass.

Cast. Now thou hast seene the Court; by the perfec- 980
ction of it, dost not enuie it?

Fel. I wonder it doth not enuie me.

Why man, I haue bene borne vpon the spirits wings,
The foules swift *Pegasus*, the fantasie:
And from the height of contemplation,
Haue view'd the feeble ioynts men totter on.

I enuie none; but hate, or pittie all.

For when I viewe, with an intentiue thought,
That creature faire; but proud; him rich, but sot:
Th'other wittie; but vnmeasured arrogant:

Him great; yet boundlesse in ambition:

Him high borne; but of base life: to'ther feard;
Yet feared feares, and fears most, to be most loued:

Him wise; but made a foole for publick vse:

Th'other learned, but selfe-opinionate:

When I discourse all these, and see my selfe
Nor faire, nor rich, nor wittie, great, nor fear'd:

Yet

Antonio and Mellida.

Yet amply futed, with all full content :
Lord, how I clap my hands, and smooth my brow,
Rubbing my quiet bosome, tossing vp
A gratefull spirit to omnipotence !

1000

Cast. Ha, ha : but if thou knew'st my happineffe,
Thou wouldst euen grate away thy soule to dust,
In enuy of my sweete beatitude :

I can not sleepe for kisses ; I can not rest
For Ladies letters, that importune me
With such vnused vehemence of loue,
Straight to sollicit them, that

Feli. Confusion feize me, but I thinke thou lyest.

Why should I not be fought to then aswell ?

1010

Fut, me thinks, I am as like a man.

Troth, I haue a good head of haire, a cheeke
Not as yet wan'd ; a legge, faith, in the full.

I ha not a red beard, take not tobacco much :
And S'lid, for other parts of manlineffe

Cast. Pew waw, you nere accounted them in
pompe :

Put your good parts in prefence, gratioously.

Ha, and you had, why they would ha come of, sprung

To your armes : and su'd, and prai'd, and vow'd ;

1020

And opened all their sweetnesse to your loue.

Fel. There are a number of such things, as then

Haue often vrg'd me to such loose beliefe :

But S'lid you all doe lye, you all doe lie.

I haue put on good cloathes, and smugd my face,

Strook a faire wench, with a smart speaking eye :

Courted in all sorts, blunt, and passionate ;

E4

Had

The first part of

Had opportunitie put them to the ah :
And, by this light, I finde them wondrous chaste,
Impregnable ; perchance a kisse, or so : 1030
But for the rest, O most inexorable.

Cast. Nay then ifaith, pree thee looke here.

¶ *Shewes him the superscription of a seeming Letter.*

Fel. To her most esteemed, lou'd, and generous seruant, *Sig.*
Castilio Balthazar.

Pree the from whome comes this? faith I must see.
From her that is deuoted to thee, in most priuate sweetes of
loue ; Rossaline.

Nay, god's my comfort, I must see the rest ;
I must, *sans* ceremonie, faith I must. 1040

Feliche takes away the letter by force.

Cast. O, you spoyle my ruffe, vnset my haire ; good
away.

Fel. Item for strait canuas, thirteene pence, halfe
penny. Item for an elle and a halfe of taffata to couer
your olde canuas dubblet, foureteen shillings, & three
pence. S'light, this a tailors bill.

Cast. In sooth it is the outside of her letter ; on which
I tooke the copie of a tailors bill.

Dil. But tis not crost, I am sure of that. Lord haue 1050
mercie on him, his credit hath giuen vp the last gaspe.
Faith ile leaue him ; for hee lookes as melancholy as
a wench the first night she

Exit.

Feli. Honest musk-cod, twill not be so stitched toge-
ther ; take that, and that, and belie no Ladies loue :
I sweare no more by Iesu : this Madam, that Ladie ;
hence goe, forswear the presence, trauaile three years
to

Antonio and Mellida.

to bury this bastinado : auoide, puffe paste, auoide.

Cast. And tell not my Ladie mother. Well, as I am true gentleman, if she had not wild me on her blessing, 1060 not to spoyle my face ; if I could not finde in my heart to fight, would I might nere eate a Potatoe pye more.

¶ *Enter Balurdo, backward ; Dildo following him with a looking glasse in one hand, & a candle in the other hand : Flauia following him backward, with a looking glasse in one hand, and a candle in the other ; Rossaline following her. Balurdo and Rossaline stand setting of faces : and so the Sceane begins.*

Fel. More foole, more rare fooles ! O, for time and place, long enough, and large enough, to acte these 1070 fooles ! Here might be made a rare Scene of folly, if the plat could beare it.

Bal. By the fuger-candy sky, holde vp the glasse higher, that I may see to sweare in fashion. O, one loofe more would ha made them shine ; gods neakes, they would haue shone like my mystresse browe. Euen so the Duke frownes for all this Curfond world : oh that gerne kils, it kils. By my golden What's the richest thing about me ?

Dil. Your teeth.

Bal. By my golden teeth, hold vp ; that I may put in : 1080 hold vp, I say, that I may see to put on my gloues.

Dil. O, delicious sweet cheekt master, if you discharge but one glance from the leuell of that set face : O, you will strike a wench ; youle make any wench loue you.

F

Balur. By

The first Parte of

Balur. By Iesu, I think I am as elegant a Courtier,
as How lik'st thou my suite?

Catz. All, beyond all, no peregal: you are wondred at,
for an affe.

Bal. Well, *Dildo*, no christen creature shall knowe hereafter, what I will doe for thee heretofore.

Ros. Here wants a little white, *Flavia*.

Dil. I, but matter, you haue one little falt; you sleepe
open mouth'd.

¹ *Ball.* Pewe, thou iestst. In good sadnesse, Ile haue a looking glasse nail'd to the the testarn of the bed, that I may see when I sleep, whether tis so, or not; take heed you lye not: goe to, take heede you lie not.

Fla. By my troth, you looke as like the princeffe, now
I, but her lip is lip is a little redder, a very little 1100
redder: but by the helpe of Art, or Nature, ere I chāge
my perewigge, mine shall be as red

Fla. O, I, that face, that eye, that smile, that writhing of
your bodie, that wanton dandling of your fan, becoms
prethely, so sweethly, tis euen the goodest Ladie that
breathes, the most amiable Faith the fringe of
your fatten peticote is ript. Good faith madam, they say
you are the most bounteous Lady to your women, that
euer O most delicious beautie! Good Madam
let me kith it.

¶ *Enter Piero.*

Feli. Rare sport, rare sport ! A female foole, and a female flatterer.

Ross. Bodie a mee, the Duke : away the glasse.

Pie. Take vp your paper, *Rossaline*.

Roess. Not

Antonio and Mellida.

Roffa. Not mine, my Lord.

Pie. Not yours, my Ladie? Ile see what tis.

Bal. And how does my sweete mistresse? O Ladie deare, euen as tis an olde say, Tis an old horse can neither wighy, nor wagge his taile: euen so doe I holde my fet face still: euen so, tis a bad courtier that can neither discourse, nor blow his nose. 1120

Pie. Meet me at *Abrahams*, the Iewes, where I bought my Amazons disguise. A shippe lies in the port, ready bound for England; make haste, come priuate.

¶ *Enter Castilio, Forobosco.*

Antonio, Forobosco, Alberto, Feliche, Castilio, Balurdo? run, keepe the Palace, post to the ports, goe to my daughters chamber: whether now? scud to the Iewes, stay, runne to the gates, stop the gundolets, let none passe the marsh, doe all at once. *Antonio?* his head, his head. 1130
Keep you the Court, the rest stand still, or runne, or goe, or shoute, or searce, or scud, or call, or hang, or doe doe doe, fu fu fu, somthing: I know not who who who, what I do do do, nor who who who, where I am.

*O trista traditriche, rea, ribalda fortuna,
Negando mi vindetta mi causa fera morte.*

Fel. Ha ha ha. I could breake my splene at his impatience. 1140

*Anto. Alma & gratiosa fortuna siate fauorevole,
Et fortunati siano vuoti del mia dulce Mellida, Mellida.*

Mel. Alas *Antonio*, I haue lost thy note.

The first Parte of

A number mount my staires; ile straight returne.

Fel. Antonio,

Be not affright, sweete Prince; appease thy feare,
Buckle thy spirits vp, put all thy wits
In wimble action, or thou art surpriz'd.

Anto. I care not.

1150

Fel. Art mad, or desperate? or

Anto. Both, both, all, all: I pree thee let mee ly;
Spight of you all, I can, and I will dy.

Fel. You are distraught; O, this is madnesse breath.

An. Each man take hence life, but no man death:
Hee's a good fellow, and keepes open house:
A thousand thousand waies lead to his gate,
To his wide mouth'd porch: when niggard life
Hath but one little, little wicket through.

We wring our selues into this wretched world,
To pule, and weepe, exclaime, to curse and raile,
To fret, and ban the fates, to strike the earth
As I doe now. *Antonio*, curse thy birth,
And die.

1160

Fel. Nay, heauens my comfort, now you are peruerse;
You know I alwaies lou'd you; pree thee liue.
Wilt thou strike deade thy friends, drawe mourning
teares

An. Alas, *Feliche*, I ha nere a friend;
No country, father, brother, kinsman left
To weepe my fate, or figh my funerall:
I roule but vp and downe, and fill a seat
In the darke caue of dusky misery.

1170

Feli. Foreheauen, the Duke comes: hold you, take my
(key,
Slinke

Antonio and Mellida.

Slinke to my chamber, looke you ; that is it :
There shall you finde a suite I wore at sea :
Take it, and slippe away. Nay, pretious,
If youle be peeuissh, by this light, Ile sweare,
Thou rail'dst vpon thy loue before thou dyedst,
And call'd her strumpet.

1180

Ant. Sheele not credit thee.

Fel. Tut, that's all one : ile defame thy loue ;
And make thy deade trunke held in vile regard.

Ant. Wilt needs haue it so ? why then *Antonio*,
Viue speranza, in despetto dell fato.

¶ *Enter Piero, Galeatzo, Matzagente, Forobosco, Balurdo, and Castilio, with weapons.*

Piero. O, my sweet Princes, was't not brauely found ?
Euen there I found the note, euen there it lay.
I kisse the place for ioy, that there it lay.
This way he went, here let vs make a stand :
Ile keepe this gate my selfe : O gallant youth !
Ile drinke carouse vnto your countries health,

1190

¶ *Enter Antonio.*

Euen in *Antonio's* scull.

Bal. Lord bleffe vs : his breath is more fearefull then
a Sergeants voice, when he cries ; I arrest.

Ant. Stoppe *Antonio*, keepe, keepe *Antonio*.

Piero. Where, where man, where ?

Ant. Here, here : let me me pursue him downe the
marsh.

Pie. Hold, there's my fignet, take a gundelet:

F 3

Bring

The first Parte of

Bring me his head, his head, and by mine honour,
Ile make thee the wealthieſt Mariner that breathes.

Anto. Ile ſweate my bloode out, till I haue him ſafe.

Pie. Speake heartily ifaith, good Mariner.

O, wee will mount in tryumph : ſoone, at night,
Ile ſet his head vp. Lets thinke where.

Bal. Vp on his ſhoulders, that's the fitteſt place for
it. If it be not as fit as if it were made for them; ſay, *Ba- 1210*
lurdo, thou art a ſot, an aſſe.

¶ *Enter Mellida in Pages attire, dauncing.*

Pie. Sprightly, ifaith. In troth he's ſomewhat like
My daughter *Mellida*: but alas poore ſoule,
Her honour heeles, god knowes, are halfe ſo light.

Mel. Eſcap't I am, ſpite of my fathers ſpight.

Pie. Ho, this will warme my boſome ere I ſleepe.

¶ *Enter Flauia running.*

Fla. O my Lord, your daughter.

Pie. I, I, my daughter's ſafe enough, I warrant thee. *1220*
This vengeance on the boy will lengthen out
My daies vnmeaſuredly.

It ſhall be chronicled, time to come;

Piero Sforza ſlewe *Andrugio's* ſonne.

Fla. I, but my Lord, your daughter.

Pie. I, I, my good wench, ſhe is ſafe enough.

Fla. O, then, my Lord, you know ſhe's run away.

Pie. Run away, away, how run away? (ther.

Fla. She's vaniſht in an inſtante, none knowes whe-

Pie. Purſue, purſue, fly, run, poſt, ſcud away. *1230*

¶ *Feliche ſing; And was not good king Salomon.*

Fly, call, run, rowe, ride, cry, ſhout, hurry, haſte :

Haſte

Antonio and Mellida.

Haste, hurry, shoute, cry, ride, rowe, run, call, fly
Backward and forward, euery way about.

Maldetta fortuna chy condura sorta

Che faro, che diro, pur fugir tanto mal!

Cast. Twas you that struck me euen now: was it not?

Fel. It was I that struck you euen now.

Cast. You bastinadoed me, I take it.

Fel. I bastinadoed you, and you tooke it. 1240

Cast. Faith sir, I haue the richest Tobacco in the court
for you; I would be glad to make you satisfaction, if I
haue wronged you. I would not the Sun should set v-
pon your anger; giue me your hand.

Fel. Content faith, so thou'lt breede no more such
I hate not man, but mans lewd qualities. (lies.

ACTVS QVARTVS. 1V. i

¶ *Enter Antonio, in his sea gowne running.*

Ant. STOP, stop *Antonio*, stay *Antonio*.

*S*Vaine breath, vaine breath, *Antonio's* lost; 1250
He can not finde himfelfe, not seize himfelfe.

Alas, this that you see, is not *Antonio*,

His spirit houers in *Piero's* Court,

Hurling about his agill faculties,

To apprehend the sight of *Mellida*:

But poore, poore soule, wanting apt instruments

To speake or see, stands dumbe and blinde, sad spirit,

Roul'd vp in gloomie clouds as black as ayer,

Through which the rustie coach of Night is drawne:

Tis so, ile giue you instance that tis so. 1260

The first Parte of

Concept you me. As hauing clasp't a rose
Within my palme, the rose being tane away,
My hand retaines a little breath of sweete:
So may mans trunke; his spirit slipt awaie,
Holds still a faint perfume of his sweet gheft.
Tis so; for when discurfiue powers flie out,
And rome in progresse, through the bounds of heauen,
The soule it selfe gallops along with them,
As chieftaine of this winged troope of thought,
Whilst the dull lodge of spirit standeth waste, 1270
Vntill the soule returne from What wast I said?
O, this is naught, but speckling melancholie.
I haue beene
That Morpheus tender skinp Cosen germane
Beare with me good
Mellida: clod vpon clod thus fall.
Hell is beneath; yet heauen is ouer all.

¶ *Enter Andrugio, Lucio, Cole, and Norwod.*

And. Come *Lucio*, lets goe eat: what hast thou got?
Rootes, rootes? alas, they are feeded, new cut vp. 1280
O, thou hast wronged Nature, *Lucio*:
But bootes not much; thou but pursu'st the world,
That cuts off vertue, fore it comes to growth,
Least it should seed, and so orerun her sonne,
Dull pore-blinde error. Giue me water, boy.
There is no poison in't I hope, they say
That lukes in massie plate: and yet the earth
Is so infected with a generall plague,
That hee's most wise, that thinks there's no man foole:
Right

Antonio and Mellida.

Right prudent, that esteemes no creature iust : 1290
Great policy the least things to mistrust.

Giue me Assay How we mock greatnesse now !

Lu. A strong conceipt is rich, so most men deeme :
If not to be, tis comfort yet to seeme.

And. Why man, I neuer was a Prince till now.
Tis not the bared pate, the bended knees,
Guilt tipstaues, Tyrrian purple, chaires of state,
Troopes of pide butterflies, that flutter still
In greatnesse summer, that confirme a prince :
Tis not the vnfauiory breath of multitudes, 1300
Showting and clapping, with confused dinne ;
That makes a Prince. No *Lucio*, he's a king,
A true right king, that dares doe aught, saue wrong,
Feares nothing mortall, but to be vniust,
Who is not blowne vp with the flattering puffes
Of spungy Sycophants : Who stands vnmou'd,
Despight the iustling of opinion :
Who can enioy himselfe, maugre the throng
That striue to presse his quiet out of him :
Who sits vpon *Ioues* footestoole, as I doe, 1310
Adoring, not affecting, maiestie :
Whose brow is wreathed with the siluer crowne
Of cleare content : this, *Lucio*, is a king.
And of this empire, euery man's posselt,
That's worth his soule.

Lu. My Lord, the *Genowaies* had wont to say

And. Name not the *Genowaies* : that very word
Vnkings me quite, makes me vile passions slaue.
O, you that made open the glibbery Ice

The first part of

Of vulgar fauour, viewe *Andrugio*.

1320

Was neuer Prince with more applause confirm'd,
With louder shouts of tryumph launched out
Into the surgy maine of gouernment :
Was neuer Prince with more despight cast out,
Left shipwrackt, banisht, on more guiltlesse ground.
O rotten props of the craz'd multitude,
How you stil double, faulter, vnder the lightest chance
That straines your vaines. Alas, one battle lost,
Your whorish loue, your drunken healths, your houts
and shouts,

1330

Your smooth God faue's, and all your diuels last
That tempts our quiet, to your hell of throngs.
Spit on me *Lucio*, for I am turnd slaue :
Obserue how passion domineres ore me.

Lu. No wonder, noble Lord, hauing lost a sonne,
A country, crowne, and

And. I *Lucio*, hauing lost a sonne, a sonne,
A country, house, crowne, sonne. *O lares, misereri lares.*
Which shall I first deplore? My sonne, my sonne,
My deare sweete boy, my deare *Antonio*.

1340

Ant. *Antonio*?

And. I, eccho, I; I meane *Antonio*.

Ant. *Antonio*, who meanes *Antonio*?

And. Where art? what art? know'st thou *Antonio*?

Ant. Yes.

And. Liues hee?

Ant. No.

And. Where lies hee deade?

Ant. Here.

And.

Antonio and Mellida.

And. Where?

1350

Ant. Here.

Andr. Art thou *Antonio*?

Ant. I thinke I am. (felfe?)

And. Dost thou but think? What, dost not know thy

Ant. He is a foole that thinkshe knowes himselfe.

And. Vpon thy faith to heauen, giue thy name.

Ant. I were not worthy of *Andrugio's* blood,
If I denied my name's *Antonio*.

And. I were not worthy to be call'd thy father,
If I denied my name *Andrugio*.

1360

And dost thou liue? O, let me kisse thy cheeke,
And deaw thy browe with trickling drops of ioy.
Now heauens will be done: for I haue liu'd
To see my ioy, my sonne *Antonio*.

Giue me thy hand; now fortune doe thy worst,
His blood, that lapt thy spirit in the wombe,
Thus (in his loue) will make his armes thy tombe.

Ant. Blesse not the bodie with your twining armes,
Which is accurst of heauen. O, what black sinne
Hath bin committed by our auntient house,
Whose scalding vengeance lights vpon our heads,
That thus the world, and fortune casts vs out,
As loathed obiects, ruines branded slaues.

1370

And. Doe not expostulate the heauens will:
But, O, remember to forget thy felfe:
Forget remembrance what thou once hast bin.
Come, creepe with me from out this open ayre.
Euen trees haue tongues, and will betray our life.
I am a raising of our house, my boy:

The first part of

Which fortune will not enuie, tis so meane,
And like the world (all durt) there shalt thou rippe
The inwards of thy fortunes, in mine eares,
Whilst I sit weeping, blinde with passions teares :
Then ile begin, and weelee such order keepe,
That one shall still tell greefes, the other weepe.

¶ *Exit Andrugio, leauing Antonio, and his Page.*

Ant. Ile follow you. Boy, pree thee stay a little.
Thou hast had a good voice, if this colde marthe,
Wherein we lurke, haue not corrupted it.

¶ *Enter Mellida, standing out of sight, in her Pages suite.* 1390
I pree thee sing, but firra (marke you me)
Let each note breath the heart of passion,
The sad extracture of extreamest grieve.
Make me a straine; speake, groning like a bell,
That towles departing soules.

Breath me a point that may inforce me weepe,
To wring my hands, to breake my curfed breast,
Raue, and exclaine, lie groueling on the earth,
Straight start vp frantick, crying, *Mellida.*

Sing but, *Antonio* hath lost *Mellida*, 1400
And thou shalt see mee (like a man posselt)
Howle out such passion, that euen this brinish marsh
Will squease out teares, from out his spungy cheekes,
The rocks euen groane, and
Pree thee, pree thee sing :
Or I shall nere ha done when I am in.
Tis harder for me end, then to begin.

¶ *The boy runnes a note, Antonio breakes it.*

For looke thee boy, my griefe that hath no end,

Antonio and Mellida.

I may begin to playne, but pree thee fing.

1410

C A N T A N T.

Mell. Heauen keepe you fir.

An. Heauen keepe you from me, fir.

Mell. I must be acquainted with you, fir.

Ant. Wherefore? Art thou infected with misery,
Sear'd with the anguish of calamitie?

Art thou true sorrow, hearty grieffe, canst weepe?

I am not for thee if thou canst not raue,

¶ *Antonio falls on the ground.*

Fall flat on the ground, and thus exclaime on heauen; 1420

O trifling Nature, why enspiredst thou breath

Mell. Stay fir, I thinke you named *Mellida*.

Ant. Know'st thou *Mellida*?

Mel. Yes.

Ant. Hast thou seene *Mellida*?

Mell. Yes.

Ant. Then hast thou seene the glory of her sex,
The musick of Nature, the vnequall'd lustre
Of vnmached excellence, the vnited sweete
Of heauens graces, the most adored beautie,
That euer strooke amazement in the world.

1430

Mell. You seeme to loue her.

Ant. With my very soule.

Mell. Shele not requite it: all her loue is fixt
Vpon a gallant, on *Antonio*,
The Duke of *Genoa*s sonne. I was her Page:
And often as I waited, she would sigh;

The first part of

O, decre *Antonio*; and to strengthen thought,
Would clip my neck, and kisse, and kisse me thus.
Therefore leaue louing her: fa, faith me thinks, 1440
Her beautie is not halfe so rauishing
As you discourse of; she hath a freckled face,
A lowe forehead, and a lumpish eye.

Ant. O heauen, that I should heare such blasphemie.
Boy, rogue, thou liest, and
Spauento dell mio core dolce Mellida,
Di graua morte restoro vero dolce Mellida,
Celesta saluatrice sovrana Mellida
Del mio sperar; trofeo vero Mellida.

Mel. *Diletta & soaue anima mia Antonio,* 1450
Godeuole bellezza cortese Antonio.
Signior mio & virginal amore bell' Antonio
Gusto delli mei sensi, car' Antonio.

Ant. *O suamisce il cor in vn soaue baccio,*

Mel. *Murono i sensi nel desiato desio:*

Ant. *Nel Cielo puo lesser belta pia chiara.*

Mel. *Nel mondo pol esser belta pia chiara?*

Ant. *Dammi vn baccio da quella bocca beata,*

Bassiammi, coglier l'aura odorata
Che in sua neggia in quello dolce labra. 1460

Mel. *Dammi pimpero del tuo gradit' amore*
Che bea me, cosempiterno honore,
Cosi, cosi mi conuerra morir.

Good sweet, scout ore the marsh: for my heart trembls
At euery little breath that strikes my eare,
When thou returnest: and ile discourse
How I deceiu'd the Court: then thou shall tell

How

Antonio and Mellida.

How thou escapt'st the watch : weele point our speech
With amorous kissing, kissing cōmaes, and euen suck
The liquid breath from out each others lips. 1470

Ant. Dul clod, no man but such sweet fauour clips.
I goe, and yet my panting blood perswades me stay.
Turne coward in her sight? away, away.
I thinke confusion of *Babell* is false vpon these louers,
that they change their language; but I feare mee, my
master hauing but fained the person of a woman, hath
got their vnfaigned imperfection, and is growne double
tongu'd: as for *Mellida*, she were no woman, if shee
could not yeelde strange language. But howsoeuer, if I
should sit in iudgement, tis an errorr easier to be par- 1480
doned by the auditors, then excused by the authours;
and yet some priuate respect may rebate the edge of
the keener censure.

¶ *Enter Piero, Castilio, Matzagente, Forobosco, Feliche,
Galeatzo, Balurdo, and his Page, at another dore.*

Pie. This way shee took : search, my sweet gentlemē.
How now *Balurdo*, canst thou meete with any body?

Bal. As I am true gentleman, I made my horse sweat,
that he hath nere a dry thread on him : and I can meete
with no liuing creature, but men & beastes. In good 1490
fadnesse, I would haue sworne I had seene *Mellida* e-
uen now : for I sawe a thing stirre vnder a hedge, and I
peep't, and I spyed a thing : and I peer'd, and I tweerd
vnderneath : and truly a right wise man might haue
beene deceiued : for it was

The first part of

Pie. What, in the name of heauen?

Bal. A dun cowe.

I'el. Sh'ad nere a kettle on her head?

Pie. Boy, didst thou see a yong Lady passe this way?

Gal. Why speake you not?

1500

Bal. Gods neakes, proud elfe, giue the Duke reuerence, stand bare with a

Whogh! heauens bleſſe me: *Mellida, Mellida.*

Pie. Where man, where?

Balur. Turnd man, turnd man: women weare the breaches, loe here,

Pie. Light and vnduteous! kneele not, peeuiſh elfe, Speake not, entreate not, ſhame vnto my houſe, Curſe to my honour. Where's *Antonio*?

Thou traitreſſe to my hate, what is he ſlipt

1510

For England now? well whimpering harlot, hence.

Mell. Good father

Pie. Good me no goods. Seeſt thou that ſprightly youth? ere thou canſt tearme to morrow morning old, thou ſhalt call him thy husband, Lord and loue.

Mel. Ay me.

Pie. Blirt on your ay mees, gard her ſafely hence. Drag her away, ile be your gard to night.

Young Prince, mount vp your ſpirits, and prepare To ſolemnize your Nuptials eue with popme.

1520

Gal. The time is ſcant: now nimble wits appeare: *Phæbus* begins gleame, the welkin's cleare.

Exeunt all, but Balurdo and his Page.

Bal. Now nimble wits appeare: ile my ſelfe appeare, *Balurdo's* ſelfe, that in quick wit doth ſurpaſſe,

Will

Antonio and Mellida.

Will shew the substance of a compleat

Dil. Affe, affe.

Bal. Ile mount my courser, and most gallantly prick

Dil. Gallantly prick is too long, and stands hardly
in the verse, sir. 1530

Bal. Ile speake pure rime, and will so brauely pranke
it, that ile tosse loue like a pranke, pranke it: a rime for
pranke it?

Dil. Blankit.

Bal. That ile tosse loue, like a dogge in a blanket: ha
ha, in deede law. I thinke, ha ha; I thinke ha ha, I think
I shall tickle the Muses. And I strike it not deade, say,
Balurdo, thou art an arrant sot.

Dil. *Balurdo*, thou art an arrant sot.

¶ *Enter Andrugio and Antonio wreathed together,* 1540
Lucio.

And. Now, come vnited force of chap-falne death:
Come, power of fretting anguish, leaue distresse.
O, thus infoulded, we haue breasts of prooffe,
Gainst all the venom'd stings of misery.

Ant. Father, now I haue an antidote,
Gainst all the poyson that the world can breath.
My *Mellida*, my *Mellida* doth blesse
This bleak waste with her presence. How now boy,
Why dost thou weepe? alas, where's *Mellida*? 1550

Ant. Ay me, my Lord.

And. A foddren horror doth inuade my blood,
My finewes tremble, and my panting heart
Scuds round about my bosome to goe out,

H

Dreading

The first Parte of

Dreading the affailant, horrid passion.
O, be no tyrant, kill me with one blowe.
Speake quickly, briefly boy.

Pa. Her father found, and seif'd her, she is gone.

And. Son, heat thy bloode, be not frose vp with grief.
Courage, sweet boy, sinke not beneath the waight 1560
Of crulhing mischief. O where's thy dantleffe heart
Thy fathers spirit! I renounce thy blood,
If thou forsake thy valour.

Lu. See how his grief speakes in his slow-pac't steps :
Alas, tis more than he can vtter, let him goe.
Dumbe solitary path best suteth woe.

And. Giue me my armes, my armour *Lucio.*

Lu. Deare Lord, what means this rage, when lacking
Scarce safes your life, will you in armour rise? vse

And. Fortune feares valour, presseth cowardize. 1570

Lu. Then valour gets applause, when it hath place,
And meanes to blaze it.

And. *Nunquam potest non esse.*

Lu. Patience, my Lord, may bring your ils some end.

And. What patience, friend, can ruin'd hopes attēd?
Come, let me die like old *Andrugio* :

Worthy my birth. O blood-true-honour'd graues
Are farre more blessed then base life of slaues. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS QVINTVS. *v. i*

¶ *Enter Balurdo, a Painter with two pictures, and* 1580
Dildo.

Bal.

Antonio and Mellida.

Bal. **A**ND are you a painter fir, can you drawe, can you drawe?

Pay. Yes fir.

Ba. Indee de lawe? now fo can my fathers forehore horfe. And are thefe the workmanfhippe of your hands?

Payn. I did lymne them.

Bal. Lymne them? a good word, lymne them: whose picture is this? *Anno Domini 1599.* Beleeue mee, ¹⁵⁹⁰ master *Anno Domini* was of a good fettled age when you lymn'd him. 1599. yeares old? Lets see the other. *Etatis suæ 24.* Bir Ladie he is fomewhat younger. Belike master *Etatis suæ* was *Anno Dominies* sonne.

Pa. Is not your master a

Dil. He hath a little procliuitie to him

Pa. Procliuitie, good youth? I thank you for your courtly procliuitie.

Bal. Approach good fir. I did fend for you to drawe me a deuise, an *Imprezza*, by *Sinecdоче a Mott.* By ¹⁶⁰⁰ *Phæbus* crymfon taffata mantle, I thinke I fpeake as melodiously, looke you fir, how thinke you ont? I wold haue you paint mee, for my deuise, a good fat legge of ewe mutton, fwimming in fteuwe broth of plummes (boy keele your mouth, it runnes ouer) and the word fhall be; *Holde my difk, whilst I fpill my pottage.* Sure, in my confcience, twould be the moft fweete deuise, now

Pa. Twould fent of kitchin-ftuffe too much.

Bal. Gods neakes, now I remember mee, I ha ¹⁶¹⁰

The first Parte of

the rarest deuise in my head that euer breathed. Can you paint me a driueling reeling song, & let the word be, Vh.

Payn. A belch.

Bal. O, no no : Vh, paint me vh, or nothing.

Pay. It can not be done fir, but by a seeming kinde of drunkennesse.

Bal. No? well, let me aue a good massie ring, with your owne poesie grauen in it, that must sing a small trebble, worde for word, thus; *And if you will my* 1620
true louer be,

Come followe mee to the greene wodde.

Pa. O Lord, fir, I can not make a picture sing.

B. Why? z'lid, I haue seen painted things sing as sweet: But I hau't will tickle it, for a concept ifaith.

¶ *Enter Feliche, and Alberto.*

Alb. O deare *Feliche*, giue me thy deuice.
How shall I purchase loue of *Rossaline*?

Fel. S'will, flatter her soundly.

Alb. Her loue is such, I can not flatter her : 1630
But with my vtmost vehemence of speech,
I haue ador'd her beauties.

Fel. Haft writ good mouing vnaffected rimes to her.

Alb. O, yes, *Feliche*, but she scornes my writ.

Fel. Haft thou presented her with sumptuous gifts?

Alb. Alas, my fortunes are too weake to offer them.

Fel. O; then I haue it, ile tell thee what to doe.

Alb. What, good *Feliche*?

Fel. Goe and hang thy selfe, I say, goe hang thy selfe, 1640
If

Antonio and Mellida.

If that thou canst not giue, goe hang thy selfe :

Ile rime thee dead, or verse thee to the rope.

How thinkst thou of a Poet that sung thus ;

Munera sola pacant, sola addunt munera formam :

Munere sollicites Pallada, Cypris erit.

Munera, munera.

Alb. Ile goe and breath my woes vnto the rocks,

And spend my grieve vpon the deafest seas.

Ile weepe my passion to the senselesse trees,

And load most solitarie ayre with plaints.

1656

For wods, trees, sea, or rocky *Appenine*,

Is not so ruthlesse as my *Rossaline*.

Farewell deare friend, expect no more of mee,

Here ends my part, in this loues Comedy. *Exit Alb.*

Exit Paynter.

Fel. Now master *Balurdo*, whether are you going, ha?

Bal. Signior *Feliche*, how doe you faith, & by my troth, how doe you ?

Fel. Whether art thou going, bully ?

Bal. And as heauen helpe mee, how doe you ?

1661

How, doe you ifaith he ?

Fel. Whether art going man ?

Ball. O god, to the Court, ile be willing to giue you grace and good countnance, if I may but see you in the presence.

Fel. O to court ? farewell.

Bal. If you see one in a yellow taffata dubblet, cut vpon carnation valure, a greene hat, a blewe paire of veluet hose, a gilt rapier, and an orange tauny pair of worsted filke stockings, thats I, thats I.

167

H₃

Fel.

The first Parte of

Fel. Very good, farewell.

Bal. Ho, you shall knowe me as easily, I ha bought mee a newe greene feather with a red sprig, you shall see my wrought shirt hang out at my breeches, you shall know me.

Fel. Very good, very good, farewell.

Ball. Marrie in the maske twill be somewhat harde. But if you heare any bodie speake so wittily, that hee makes all the roome laugh; that's I, that's I. Farewell good Signior.

1680

¶ *Enter Forobosco, Castilio, a boy carying a gilt harpe: Picro, Mellida in night apparrell, Roffaline, Flauia, two Pages.*

Pier. Aduance the musiques prize, now capring wits,
Rise to your highest mount; let choyce delight
Garland the browe of this tryumphant night.
Sfoote, a fits like Lucifer himselfe.

Roffa. Good sweete Duke, first let their voyces strain
for musicks price. Giue mee the golden harpe: faith
with your fauour, ile be vmpereffe.

1690

Pi. Sweet neece cōtent: boyes cleare your voice & sing.

I. C A N T A T.

Roffa. By this gould, I had rather haue a seruant with a short nose, and a thinne haire, then haue such a high stretcht minikin voice.

Pie. Faire neece, your reason?

Roffa.

Antonio and Mellida.

Roff. By the sweete of loue, I should feare extreame-ly that he were an Eunuch.

Cast. Sparke spirit, how like you his voice?

Roff. Spark spirit, how like you his voice?

1700

So helpe me, youth, thy voice squeakes like a dry cork
shoe: come, come; lets heare the next.

2. C A N T A T.

Pie. Trust me, a good strong meane. Well sung my boy.

¶ *Enter Balurdo.*

Bal. Hold, hold, hold: are yeeblind, could you not see my voice comming for the harpe. And I knock not diuision on the head, take hence the harpe, make mee a flip, and let me goe but for ninepence. Sir *Marke*, strike vp for master *Balurdo*. 1710

3. C A N T A T.

Iudgemēt gentlemen, iudgemēt. Wast not aboue line?
I appeale to your mouthes that heard my song.
Doe me right, and dub me knight *Balurdo*.

Rof. Kneelee downe, and ile dub thee knight of the golden harpe. (siluer fiddlestick.

Ba. Indeed law, doe, and ile make you Ladie of the

Roff. Come, kneelee, kneelee.

¶ *Enter a Page to Balurdo.*

1720

Bal. My troth, I thank you, it hath neuer a whistlein't.

Ro. Naie, good sweet cuz raise vp your drooping eies,

H 4

and

The first Parte of

& I were at the point of To haue & to hold, from this day forward, I would be asham'd to looke thus lumpish. What, my prettie Cuz, tis but the losse of an od maidenhead : shall's daunce? thou art so sad, harke in mine eare. I was about to say, but ile forbear.

Ba. I come, I come, more then most hunny-suckle sweete Ladies, pine not for my presence, ile returne in pompe. Well spoke sir *Jeffrey Balurdo*. As I am a true knight, I feele honourable eloquence begin to grope mee alreadie. 1730

Exit.

Pie. Faith, mad neece, I wonder when thou wilt marrie?

Rossa. Faith, kinde vncle, when men abandon ielosy, forsake taking of Tobacco, and cease to weare their beardes so rudely long. Oh, to haue a husband with a mouth continually smoaking, with a bush of furs on the ridge of his chinne, readie still to slop into his forming chaps; ah, tis more than most intollerable. 1740

Pier. Nay faith, sweete neece, I was mightie strong in thought we should haue shut vp night with an ould Comedie: the Prince of *Millane* shall haue *Mellida*, & thou shouldst haue

Ros. No bodie, good sweete vncle. I tell you, sir, I haue 39. seruants, and my munkey that makes the fortieth. Now I loue al of them lightly for something, but affect none of them seriously for any thing. One's a passionate foole, and hee flatters mee aboue beliefe: the second's a teastie ape, and hee railes at me beyond reason: the third's as graue as some Censor, and hee strokes vp his mustachoes three times; and makes six plots 1750

Antonio and Mellida.

plots of set faces, before he speakes one wise word: the fourth's as dry, as the burre of an heartchoke; the fifth paints, and hath alwaies a good colour for what hee speakes: the sixt

Pie. Stay, stay, sweet neece, what makes you thus suspect young gallants worth.

Roff. Oh, when I see one were a perewig, I dreade his haire; another wallowe in a greate sloppe, I mistrust ¹⁷⁶⁰ the proportion of his thigh; and wears a ruffled boot, I feare the fashion of his legge. Thus, something in each thing, one tricke in euery thing makes me mistrust imperfection in all parts; and there's the full point of my addiction.

The Cornets sound a cynet.

¶ *Enter Galeatzo, Matzagente, and Balurdo in maskery.*

Pier. The roome's too scant: boyes, stand in there, close.

Mel. In faith, faire sir, I am too sad to daunce. ¹⁷⁷⁰

Pie. How's that, how's that? too sad? By heauen dance, And grace him to, or, goe to, I say no more.

Mell. A burning glasse, the word *splendente Phæbo*? Tis too curious, I conceipt it not.

Gal. Faith, ile tel thee. Ilenolonger burne, then youle shine and smile vpon my loue. For looke yee fairest, by your pure sweets,

I doe not dote vpon your excellence.

And faith, vnlesse you shed your brightest beames

Of sunny fauour, and acceptiue grace

Vpon my tender loue, I doe not burne:

Marry but shine, and ile reflect your beames,

I

With ¹⁷⁸⁰

The first part of

with feruent ardor. Faith I wold be loath to flatter thee faire soule, because I loue, not doat, court like thy husband ; which thy father sweares, to morrowe morne I must be. This is all, and now from henceforth, trust me *Melida*, Ile not speake one wise word to thee more.

Mell. I trult yee.

Gal. By my troth, Ile speak pure foole to thee now.

Mel. You will speake the liker your selfe. 1790

Gal. Good faith, Ile accept of the cockescombe, so you will not refuse the bable.

Mel. Nay good sweet, keepe them both, I am enamour'd of neither.

Gal. Goe to, I must take you downe for this. Lende me your eare.

Ros. A glowe worme, the word ? *Splendescit tantum tenebris.*

Matz. O, Ladie, the glowe worme figurates my valour : which shineth brightest in most darke, dismall and hor- 1800
rid atchieuements.

Ross. Or rather, your glowe worme represents your wit, which only seems to haue fire in it, though indeed tis but an *ignis fatuus*, and shines onely in the darke deade night of fooles admiration.

Matz. Ladie, my wit hath spurs, if it wete dispos'd to ride you.

Ross. Faith sir, your wits spurs haue but walking rowels ; dull, blunt, they will not drawe blood : the gentlemen vsuers may admit them the Presence, for anie 1810
wrong they can doe to Ladies.

Bal. Truly, I haue strained a note aboue Ela, for a de-
uise ;

Antonio and Mellida.

uife; looke you, tis a faire rul'd finging booke: the word, *Perfect, if it were prickt.*

Fla. Though you are mask't, I can guesse who you are by your wit. You are not the exquisite *Balurdo*, the most rarely shap't *Balurdo*.

Ba. Who, I? No I am not fir *Ieffrey Balurdo*. I am not as well knowne by my wit, as an alehouse by a red lattice. I am not worthy to loue and be belou'd of *Flauia*. 182

Fla. I will not scorne to fauour such good parts, as are applauded in your rarest selfe.

Bal. Truly, you speake wisely, and like a Iantlewoman of foureteene yeares of age. You know the stone called *lapis*; the nearer it comes to the fire, the hotter it is: and the bird, which the Geometricians cal *Auis*, the farther it is from the earth, the nearer it is to the heauen: and loue, the nigher it is to the flame, the more remote (ther's a word, remote) the more remote it is from the frost. Your wit is quicke, a little thinge 183: pleaseth a young Ladie, and a smal fauour contenteth an ould Courtier; and so, sweete mistresse I trusse my codpeece point. ¶ *Enter Feliche.*

Pier. What might import this florish? bring vs word.

Fel. Stand away: here's such a companie of flibotes, hulling about this galleasse of greatnesse, that there's no boarding him.

Doe you heare yon thing call'd, Duke?

Pie. How now blunt *Feliche*, what's the newes?

Fel. Yonder's a knight, hath brought *Andrugio's* 184 head, & craues admittance to your chaire of state.

¶ *Cornets sound a Cynet: enter Andrugio in armour.*

The first part of

Pie. Conduct him with attendance sumptuous,
Sound all the pleasing instruments of ioy :
Make triumph, stand on tiptoe whil't wee meete :
O fight most gracious, O reuenge most sweete !

And. *We vowe, by the honour of our birth, to recompence
any man that bringeth Andrugio's head, with twentie thou-
sand double Pistolets, and the endeering to our choyssest loue.*

Pie. We still with most vn mou'd resolu'd confirme 1850
Our large munificence : and here breath
A sad and solemne protestation :
When I recall this vowe, O, let our house
Be euen commaunded, staine'd, and trampled on,
As worthlesse rubbish of nobilitie.

And. Then, here, *Piero*, is *Andrugios* head,
Royally casked in a helme of Steele :
Giue me thy loue, and take it. My dauntlesse soule
Hath that vnbounded vigor in his spirits,
That it can beare more ranke indignitie, 1860
With lesse impatience, then thy cancred hate
Can sting and venome his vntainted worth,
With the most viperous sound of malice. Strike ;
O, let no glimse of honour light thy thoughts,
If there be any heat of royall breath
Creeping in thy vaines, O stifle it.

Be still thy selfe, bloodie and trecherous.
Fame not thy house with an admired acte
Of princely pittie. *Piero*, I am come,
To loyle thy house with an eternall blot 1870
Of sauage crueltye ; strike, or bid me strike.
I pray my death ; that thy nere dying shame

Might

Antonio and Mellida.

Might liue immortall to posteritie.

Come, be a princely hangman, stoppe my breath.
O dread thou shame, no more then I dread death.

Pie. We are amaz'd, our royall spirits numm'd,
In stiffe astonisht wonder at thy prowesse,
Most mightie, valiant, and high towring heart.
We bluth, and turne our hate vpon our selues,
For hating such an vnpeer'd excellence. 1880
I ioy my state: him whome I loath'd before,
That now I honour, loue; nay more, adore.

¶ *The still Flutes sound a mournfull Cynet. Enter
a Coffin.*

But stay: what tragick spectacle appeares,
Whose bodie beare you in that mournfull hearse?

Lu. The breathlesse trunk of young *Antonio*.

Mell. *Antonio* (aye me) my Lord, my loue, my

And. Sweete pretious issue of most honor'd blood,
Rich hope, ripe vertue, O vntimely losse. 1890

Come hither friend. Pree thee doe not weepe:

Why, I am glad hee's deade, he shall not see
His fathers vanquisht, by hisemie.

Euen in princely honour, nay pree thee speake.
How dy'd the wretched boy?

Lu. My Lord

And. I hope he dyed yet like my sonne, ifaith.

Lu. Alas, my Lord

And. He died vnforst, I trust, and valiantly.

Lu. Poore gentleman, being 1900

And. Did his hand shake, or his eye looke dull,
His thoughts reele, fearefull when he struck the stroke?

The first part of

And if they did, Ile rend them out the hearse,
Rip vp his cearecloth, mangle his bleake face;
That when he comes to heauen, the powers diuine
Shall nere take notice that he was my sonne.
Ile quite disclaime his birth: nay pree thee speake:
And twere not hoopt with steel, my brest wold break.

Mel. O that my spirit in a sigh could mount,
Into the Spheare, where thy sweet soule doth rest. 1910

Pie. O that my teares, bedewing thy wan cheeke,
Could make new spirit sprout in thy could blood.

Bal. Verely, he lookes as pittifully, as a poore *Iohn*: as
I am true knight, I could weepe like a ston'd horse.

And. Villaine, tis thou hast mured my sonne.
Thy vnrelenting spirit (thou black dogge,
That took'st no passion of his fatall loue)
Hath forst him giue his life vntimely end.

Pie. Oh that my life, her loue, my dearest blood
Would but redeeme one minute of his breath. 1920

Ant. I feize that breath. Stād not amaz'd, great states:
I rise from death, that neuer liu'd till now.

Piero, keepe thy vowe, and I enioy
More vnexpressed height of happinesse,
Then power of thought can reach: if not, loe here
There stands my tounge, and here a pleasing stage:
Most wisht spectators of my Tragedie,
To this end haue I fain'd, that her faire eye,
For whome I liu'd, might blesse me ere I die.

Mell. Can breath depaint my vncōceiued thoughts? 1930
Can words describe my infinite delight,
Of seeing thee, my Lord *Antonio*?

Antonio and Mellida.

O no; conceipt, breath, passion, words be dumbe,
Whil't I intill the deawe of my sweete blisse,
In the soft pressure of a melting kisse;

Sic, sic iuuat ire sub umbras.

Pie. Faire sonne (now Ile be proud to call thee sonne)
Enioy me thus; my verie breast is thine:
Possesse me freely, I am wholly thine.

Ant. Deare father-

1940

And. Sweet son, sweet son; I can speake no more:
My ioyes passion flowes about the shoare,
And choakes the current of my speech-

Pie. Young *Florence* prince, to you my lips must beg,
For a remittance of your interest.

Gal. In your faire daughter, with all my thought,
So helpe me faith, the naked truth Ile vnfold;
He that was nere hot, will soone be cold.

Pie. No man els makes claime vnto her.

Matz. The valiant speake truth in brieft: no

1950

Bal. Trulie, for sir *Ieffrey Balurdo*, he disclaime to haue
had anie thing in her.

Pie. Then here I giue her to *Antonio*.

Royall, valiant, most respected prince,
Let's clippe our hands; Ile thus obserue my vowe;
I promisd twentie thousand double Pistols,
With the indeering to my dearest loue,
To him that brought thy head; thine be the golde,
To solemnize our houses vnitie:

My loue be thine, the all I haue be thine.

1960

Fill vs fresh wine, the forme wee take by this:
Weele drinke a health, while they two sip a kisse.

The first part of

Now, there remaines no discord that can found
Harsh accents to the eare of our accord:
So please your neece to match.

Rofs. Troth vnle, when my sweet fac't cuzhath tolde
me how she likes the thing, call'd wedlock; may be Ile
take a suruey of the checkroll of my seruants; & he that
hath the best parts of, Ile pricke him downe for my
husband.

1970

Bal. For passion of loue now, remember me to my
mistresse, Lady *Rofsaline*, when she is pricking down the
good parts of her seruants. As I am true knight, I grow
stiffe: I shall carry it.

Pie. I will.

Sound Lidian wires, once make a pleasing note,
On Nectar streames of your sweete ayres, to flote.

Ant. Here ends the comick crosses of true loue:
Oh may the passage most succesfull proue.

FINIS.

1980

Epilogus.

Gentlemen, though I remaine an armed Epilogue, I
stand not as a peremptory challenger of desert, either for
him that composed the Comedy, or for vs that acted it: but
a most submisſiue ſuppliant for both. What imperfection you
haue ſeene in vs, leaue with vs, & weele amend it; what hath
pleaſed you, take with you, & cheriſh it. You ſhall not be more
ready to embrace any thing cōmendable, then we will endea-
uour to amend all things reſprouable. What we are, is by your
fauour. What we ſhall be, reſts all in your applauſiue incou-
ragements.

1990

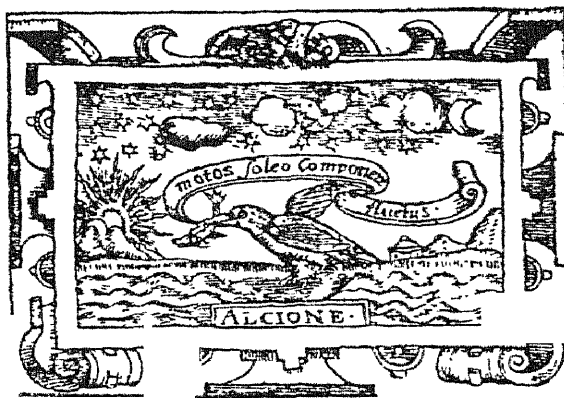
Exit.

ANTONIOS Reuenge.

The second part.

*As it hath beene sundry times acted,
by the children of Paules.*

Written by I. M.



L O N D O N

¶ Printed for *Thomas Fisher*, and are to be sould in
Saint Dunstons Church-yard.

1602.

The second part of

Who winks, and shuts his apprehension vp
From common sense of what men were, and are,
Who would not knowe what men must be; let such 20
Hurrie amaine from our black visag'd shoves:
We shall affright their eyes. But if a breast,
Nail'd to the earth with grieve: if any heart
Pierc't through with anguish, pant within this ring:
If there be any blood, whose heate is choakt
And stifled with true sense of misery:
If ought of these straines fill this comfort vp,
Th'arriue most welcome. O that our power
Could lackie, or keepe wing with our desires;
That with vnus'd paize of stile and sense, 30
We might waigh massy in iudicious scale-
Yet heere's the prop that doth support our hopes;
When our Sceanes falter, or inuention halts,
Your fauour will giue crutches to our faults. *Exit.*

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

I. i

¶ *Enter Piero, vnbraçt, his armes bare, smear'd in blood, a poniard in one hand bloodie, and a torch in the other, Strotzo following him with a corde.*

Pie. **H**O, Gaster Strotzo, binde *Feliches* trunke
Vnto the panting side of *Mellida*. *Exit Str.* 40
Tis yet dead night, yet al the earth is cloucht
In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleepe:
No breath disturbs the quiet of the ayre.
No spirit moues vpon the breast of earth,

Saue

Antonio and Mellida.

Saue howling dogs, nightcrowes, & screeching owls,
Saue meager ghosts, *Piero*, and black thoughts.
One, two. Lord, in two houres what a topleffe mount
Of vnpeer'd mischiefe, haue these hands cast vp!

¶ *Enter Strotzo.*

I can scarce coope triumphing vengeance vp, 50
From bursting forth in bragart passion.

Str. My Lord, tis firmly faide that

Pie. Andrugio sleepes in peace: this braine hath choakt
The organ of his breast. *Feliche* hangs,
But as a baite vpon the line of death,
To tice on mischiefe. I am great in blood,
Vnequall'd in reuenge. You horrid scouts,
That centinell swart night, giue lowde applause
From your large palms. First know, my hart was rais'd
Vnto *Andrugios* life, vpon this ground: 60

Str. Duke, tis reported

Pie. We both were riuals in our May of blood,
Vnto *Maria*, faire *Ferraras* heire.
He wan the Ladie, to my honours death:
And from her sweetes, cropt this *Antonio*:
For which, I burnt in inward sweltring hate,
And festred rankling malice in my breast,
Till I might belke reuenge vpon his eyes:
And now (ô blessed now) tis done. Hell, night,
Giue lowde applause to my hypocrisie. 70
When his bright valour euen dazled sense,
In offering his owne heade, publick reproach
Had blurd my name. Speake *Strotzo*, had it not?
If then I had *Str.* It had, so please

A 3

Piero.

The second part of

Pier. What had so please? Vnseasoned Sycophant,
Piero Sforza is no nummed Lord,
Senselesse of all true touch; stroake not the head
Of infant speach, till it be fully borne.
Goe to.

Strot. How now? Fut, Ile not smother your speach. 80

Pie. Nay, right thine eyes: twas but a little splene:
(Huge plunge!

Simm's growne a slave, and must obserue slight euils.

Huge villaines are inforc't to claime all duels.)

Pish, sweete thy thoughts, and giue me

Str. Stroake not the heade of infant speach? Goe to?

Pie. Nay, calme this storme. I euer held thy breast
More secret, and more firme in league of blood,
Then to be struck in heate with each slight puffle.
Giue me thy cares; Huge infamie

90

Preffe downe my honour; if euen then, when
His fresh act of prowesse bloom'd out full,
I had tane vengeance on his hated head

Str. Why it had

Pier. Could I auoyde to giue a seeming graunt
Vnto fruition of *Antonios* loue?

Str. No.

Pie. And didst thou euer see, a *Judas* kisse,
With a more couert touch of fleering hate?

Stro. No.

100

Pie. And hauing clipt them with pretence of loue,
Haue I not crusht them with a cruell wring?

Strot. Yes.

Piero. Say, faith, didst thou ere heare, or reade, or see
Such

Antonio and Mellida.

Such happie vengeance, vn suspected death?
That I should drop strong poyson in the boawle,
Which I my selfe carouf't vnto his health,
And future fortune of our vnitie,
That it should worke even in the hush of night,
And strangle him on sodaine; that faire shewe 110
Of death, for the excessive ioy of his fate,
Might choake the murder? Ha *Strotzo*, is't not rare?
Nay, but waigh it- Then *Feliche* stabd
(Whose sinking thought frighted my conscious hart)
And laid by *Mellida*, to stop the match,
And hale on mischief. This all in one night?
Is't to be equall'd thinkst thou? O, I could eate
Thy fumbling throat, for thy lagd censure. Fut,
Is't not rare?

Str. Yes.

120

Pie. No? yes? nothing but no, and yes, dull lumpe?
Canst thou not hony me with fluent speech,
And euen adore my topleffe villany?
Will I not blast my owne blood for reuenge?
Must not thou straight be periur'd for reuenge?
And yet no creature dreame tis my reuenge.
Will I not turne a glorious bridall morne
Vnto a *Stygian* night? Yet naught but no, and yes?

Str. I would haue told you, if the *incubus*,
That rides your bosome, would haue patience? 130
It is reported, that in priuate state,
Maria, *Genoas* Dutchesse, makes to Court,
Longing to see him, whom she nere shall see,
Her Lord *Andrugio*. Belike she hath receiu'd

The second Parte of

The newes of reconciliation :

Reconciliation with a death?

Poore Ladie shall but finde poore comfort in't.

Pie. O, let me swoone for ioy. By heauen, I thinke

I ha said my prayers, within this month at least ;

I am so boundlesse happie. Doth she come? 140

By this warme reeking goare, Ile marrie her.

Looke I not now like an inamorate? (ther ; ha?

Poyson the father, butcher the son, & marry the mo-
Stratzo, to bed : snort in securest sleepe :

For see, the dapple gray courfers of the morne

Beat vp the light with their bright filuer hooues,

And chase it through the skye. To bed, to bed.

This morne my vengeance shall be amply fed. *Exit.*

SCENA SECVNDA. 1. ii

¶ *Enter Luceo, Maria, and Nutriche.* 150

Mar. STAY gentle *Luceo*, and vouchsafe thy hand.

Lu. SO, Madam

Ma. Nay, pree thee giue me leaue to say, vouchsafe.

Submisſe intreats beſeeme my humble fate.

Here let vs ſit. O *Luceo*, fortunes gilt

Is rubd quite off from my ſlight tin-foild ſtate,

And poore *Maria* muſt appeare vngrac't

Of the bright fulgor of gloſſ'd maieltie.

Luc. Cheer vp your ſpirits Madam ; fairer chance

Then that which courts your preſence inſtantly, 160

Can not be formd by the quick mould of thought.

Maria.

Antonio and Mellida.

Mari. Art thou assur'd the dukes are reconcil'd?
Shall my wombes honour wed faire *Mellida*?
Will heauen at length grant harbour to my head?
Shall I once more clip my *Andrugio*?
And wreath my armes about *Antonio's* necke?
Or is glib rumor growne a parasite,
Holding a false glasse to my sorrowes eyes,
Making the wrinkl'd front of griefe seeme faire,
Though tis much riuel'd with abortiue care. 170

Lu. Most virtuous Princeesse, banish straggling feare;
Keepe league with comfort. For these eyes beheld
The Dukes vnited; yon faint glimmering light
Nere peeped through the crannies of the east,
Since I beheld them drinke a sound carouse,
In sparkling *Bacchus*,
Vnto eache others health;
Your sonne assur'd to beautilous *Mellida*:
And all clouds clear'd of threatning discontent.

Ma. What age is morning of? 180

Lu. I thinke 'bout fve.

Ma. *Nutriche, Nutriche.*

Nu. Beshrow your fingers marry, you haue disturb'd
the pleasure of the finest dreame. O God, I was euen
comming to it lawe. O Iesu, twas comming of the swe-
test. Ile tell you now, me thought I was married, and
mee thought I spent (O Lord why did you wake mee)
and mee thought I spent three spur Roials on the Fid-
lers for striking vp a fresh hornepipe. Saint *Vrsula*, I
was euen going to bed, & you, mee thought, my huf- 190
band was euen putting out the tapers, when you, Lord

The second part of

I shall neuer haue such a dreame come vpon mee, as long as

Ma. Peace idle creature, peace.

When will the Court rise?

Lu. Madam, twere best you tooke some lodging vp,
And lay in priuate till the foile of griefe
Were cleard your cheeke, and new burnisht lustre
Cloath'd your presence, 'fore you sawe the Dukes,
And enterd, 'mong the proud *Venetian* States. 200

Mar. No *Lucio*, my deare Lord's wife, and knowes
That tinfill glitter, or rich purpled robes,
Curled haire, hung full of sparkling Carcanets,
Are not the true adornements of a wife.
So long as wiues are faithfull, modest, chaste,
Wise Lords affect them. Vertue doth not waste,
With each slight flame of crackling vanitie.
A modest eye forceth affection,
Whilest outward gainesse light lookes but entice.
Fairer then Natures faire is fowlest vice. 210
She that loues Art, to get her cheeke more louers,
Much outward gaudes slight inward grace discouers.
I care not to seeme faire, but to my Lord.
Those that striue most to please most strangers fight,
Follie may iudge most faire, wisdom most light.

¶ *Musique sounds a short straine.*

But harke, soft musique gently mooues the ayre :
I thinke the bridegroom's vp. *Lucio*, stand close.
O, now *Marya*, challenge griefe to stay
Thy ioyes encounter. Looke *Lucio*, tis cleare day. 220

SCENA TERTIA.

l. ii
(*1. act.*)

¶ *Enter Antonio, Galeatzo, Matzagente, Balurdo, Pandulpho Feliche, Alberto, Forobojco, Castilio, and a Page.*

Ant. DARKNESSE is fled: looke, infant morn
Bright siluer curtains, 'bout the couch of
And now *Auroras* horse trots azure rings, (night:
Breathing faire light about the firmament,
Stand, what's that?

230

Mat. And if a horned diuell should burst forth,
I would passe on him with a mortall stocke.

Alb. Oh, a horned diuell would prooue ominous,
Vnto a bridegroomes eyes.

Mat. A horned diuel? good, good: ha ha ha, very good.

Al. Good tand prince laugh not. By the ioyes of loue,
When thou dost girne, thy rusty face doth looke
Like the head of a roasted rabbit: fie vpont.

Bal. By my troth, me thinks his nose is iust colour *de*

Mat. I tel thee foole, my nose will abide no iest. (*Roy* 240

Bal. No in truth, I doe not ieast, I speake truth. Truth
is the touchstone of all things: and if your nose
will not abide the truth, your nose will not abide the
touch: and if your nose will not abide the touch, your
nose is a copper nose, and must be nail'd vp for a flip.

Mat. I fcorne to retort the obtuse ieast of a foole.

Balurdo drawes out his writing tables, and writes.

Bal. Retort and obtuse, good words, very good words.

The second Parte of

Gal. Young Prince, looke sprightly ; fie, a bridegroom
fadde ! 250

Bal. In truth, if he were retort, and obtuse, no question, hee would bee merrie : but and please my *Genius*, I will be most retort and obtuse ere night. Ile tell you, what Ile beare soone at night in my shielde, for my deuce.

Gal. What, good *Balurdo* ?

Bal. O, doe me right : fir *Gefferey Balurdo* : fir, fir, as long as yee liue, fir.

Gal. What, good fir *Gefferey Balurdo* ?

Ba. Marry forsooth, Ile carrie for my deuce, my grand 260
fathers great stone-hors, flinging vp his head, & ierking out his left legge. The word ; *Wigby Purt.* As I am a true knight, wil't not bee most retort and obtuse, ha ?

Ant. Blowe hence these saplesse iestes. I tell you bloods
My spirit's heauie, and the iuyce of life
Creepes slowly through my stifned arteries.

Last sleep, my sense was steep't in horrid dreames :
Three parrs of night were swallow'd in the gulfe
Of rauinous time, when to my slumbring powers,
Two meager ghosts made apparition. (wounds : 270

The on's breast seem'd fresh pauncht with bleeding
Whose bubling gore sprang in frighted eyes.
The other ghost assum'd my fathers shape :

Both cride *Reuenge.* At which my trembling ioynts
(Iced quite ouer with a froz'd cold sweate)

Leap't forth the sheets. Three times I gasp't at shades :
And thrice, deluded by erroneous sense,
I forc't my thoughts make stand ; when loe, I op't

Antonio and Mellida.

A large bay window, through which the night
Struck terror to my soule. The verge of heauen 230
Was ringd with flames, and all the vpper vault
Thick lac't with flakes of fire; in midst whereof
A blazing Comet shot his threatning traine
Iust on my face. Viewing these prodigies;
I bow'd my naked knee, and pierc't the starre,
With an outfacing eye; pronouncing thus;
Deus imperat astris. At which, my nose straight bled:
Then doubl'd I my word, so slunke to bed.

Ba. Verely, sir *Gefferey* had a monstrous strange dream
thelast night. For mee thought I dreamt I was asleepe, 290
and me thought the ground yaun'd and belkt vp the
abominable ghost of a mishapen *Simile*, with two
vgly Pages; the one called master, euen as going be-
fore; and the other *Mounser*, euen so following after;
whilst *Signior Simile* stalked most prodigiouly in
the midst. At which I bewrayed the fearefulnesse of
my nature: and being readie to forsake the fortresse of
my wit, start vp, called for a cleane shirt, eate a melle
of broth, and with that I awakt.

Ant. I pree thee peace. I tell you gentlemen, 300
The frightfull shades of night yet shake my braine:
My gellied blood's not thaw'd: the sulphur damps,
That flowe in winged lightning 'bout my couch,
Yet stick within my sence, my soule is great,
In expectation of dire prodigies.

Pan. Tut, my young Prince, let not thy fortunes see
Their Lord a coward. He, thats nobly borne,
Abhorres to feare. Base feare's the brand of slaues.

The second Parte of

Hee that obserues, pursues, flinks back for fright,
Was neuer cast in mould of noble spright. 310

Ga. Tush, there's a fun will straight exhale these damps
Of chilling feare. Come, shal's salute the bride?

Ant. Castilio, I pree the mixe thy breath with his:
Sing one of *Signior Renaldo's* ayres,
To rouse the flumbring bride from gluttoning,
In surfet of superfluous sleepe. Good Signior, sing.

C A N T A N T.

What meanes this silence and vnmooued calme!
Boy, winde thy Cornet: force the leaden gates
Of lasie sleepe fly open, with thy breath. 320

My *Mellida* not vp? not stirring yet? vmh.

Ma- That voice, should be my sonnes *Antonio's*.
Antonio?

Ant. Here, who cals? here stands *Antonio*.

Mari. Sweete sonne.

Ant. Deare mother.

Ma. Faire honour of a chaste and loyall bed,
Thy fathers beautie, thy sad mothers loue,
Were I as powrefull as the voice of fate,
Felicities compleat should sweete thy state: 330
But all the blessings, that a poore banisht wretch,
Can powre vpon thy heade, take gentle sonne:
Liue, gracious youth, to close thy mothers eyes,
Lou'd of thy parents, till their latest hower:
How cheares my Lord, thy father? O sweet boy,
Part of him thus I clip, my deare, deare ioy.

Am

Antonio and Mellida.

Ant. Madam, last night I kist his princely hand,
And tooke a treasur'd blessing from his lips :
O mother, you arriue in *Iubile*,
And firme attonement of all boystrous rage : 340
Pleasure, vnited loue, protected faith,
Guard my lou'd father, as sworne Pensioners :
The Dukes are leagu'd in firmeſt bond of loue,
And you arriue euen in the *Solſticie*,
And highest point of sun-shine happineſſe.

¶ *One windes a Cornet mithin.*

Harke Madam, how yon Cornet ierketh vp
His ſtraind ſhrill accents, in the capering ayre ;
As proud to ſummon vp my bright cheek't loue.
Now, mother, ope wide expectation : 350
Let looſe your ampleſt ſenſe, to entertaine
Th'impreſſion of an obiect of ſuch worth,
That life's too poore to

Gal. Nay leaue *Hyperboles*.

Ant. I tel thee prince, that preſence ſtraight appears,
Of which thou canſt not forme *Hyperboles*,
The trophy of tryumphing excellence :
The heart of beautie, *Mellida* appeares.
See, looke, the curtaine ſtirs, ſhine natures pride,
Loues vitall ſpirit, deare *Antonio's* bride. 360

¶ *The Curtaine's drawne, and the bodie of Feliche, ſtabd
thick with wounds, appeares hung vp.*

What villaine bloods the window of my loue ?
What ſlaue hath hung yon gorie enſigne vp,
In flat defiance of humanitie ?
Awake thou faire vnſpotted puritie.

The second Parte of

Death's at thy windowe, awake bright *Mellida* :
Antonio cals.

SCENA QVART A.

I. ii
(cont.)
370

¶ *Enter Piero as at first, with Forobosco.*

Pie. **V**HO giues these il-befitting attributes
Of chaste, vnspotted, bright, to *Mellida*,
He lies as lowde as thunder, shee's vnchaste,
Tainted, impure, blacke as the soule of hell.

¶ *He drawes his rapier, offers to runne at Piero : but*
Maria holds his arme & staies him.

Ant. Dog, I will make the eate thy vomit vp,
Which thou hast belk't gainst taintlesse *Mellida*.
Ramm't quicklie downe, that it may not rise vp
To imbraid my thoughts. Behold my stomach's :
Strike me quite through with the relentlesse edge
Of raging furie. Boy, Ile kill thy loue
Pandulfe Feliche, I haue stabd thy sonne :

380

Looke, yet his lifeblood reekes vpon this steele.
Albert, yon hangs thy friend. Haue none of you
Courage of vengeance? Forget I am your Duke.
Thinke *Mellida* is not *Pieros* bloode.

Imagine on flight ground, Ile blast his honour.
Suppose I sawe not that incestuous slaue,
Clipping the strumpet, with luxurious twines :

390

O, numme my sense of anguish, cast my life
In a dead sleepe, whilst lawe cuts off yon maine,
Yon putred vlcér of my roiall bloode.

Foro. Keepe league with reason, gracious Soueraigne.

Pie.

Antonio and Mellida.

Pie. There glowe no sparkes of reason in the world ;
All are rak't vp in alhie beastlinesse.
The bulke of man's as darke as *Erebus*,
No branch of Reasons light hangs in his trunke :
There lues no reason to keepe league withall.
I ha no reason to be reasonable. 400
Her wedding eue, linkt to the noble blood
Of my most firmly reconciled friend,
And found euen clingd in sensualitie !
O heauen ! O heauen ! Were she as neare my heart
As is my liuer, I would rend her off.

SCENA QVINTA.

I. ii
(*cont.*)

¶ *Enter Strozzo.*

Str. **V**WHITHER, O whither shal I hurle vast
griefe ?

Pier. Here, into my breast: tis a place built wide 410
By fate, to giue receipt to boundlesse woes.

Str. O no; here throb those hearts, which I must cleaue
With my keene pearcing newes. *Andrugio's* dead.

Pier. Dead ?

Ma. O me most miserable.

Pie. Dead, alas, how dead ? *Giue seeming passion.*
Fut weepe, act, faine. Dead, alas, how dead ?

Str. The vast delights of his large sodaine ioyes
Opned his powers so wide, that's natue heate
So prodigally flow'd, t'exterior parts, 420
That thinner Citadell was left vnmand,
And so surpriz'd on sodaine by colde death.

C

Ma. O

The second part of

Mari. O fatal, disastrous, curfed, difmall!
Choake breath and life. I breath, I liue too long.

Andrugio my Lord, I come, I come.

Pic. Be cheerefull Princeffe, help *Castilio*,
The Ladie's fwooned, helpe to beare her in.
Slow comfort to huge cares, is swiftest fin.

Bal. Courage, courage sweet Ladie, tis fir *Gefferey Baurdo* bids you courage. Truly I am as nimble as an E- 430
lephant about a Ladie.

Pan. Dead? *Ant.* Dead. *Alb.* Dead?

An. Why now the womb of mischief is deliuer'd,
Of the prodigious issue of the night.

Pan. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. My father dead, my loue attaint of lust:
Thats a large lye, as vast as spacious hell:
Poore guiltlesse Ladie. O accursed lye.
What, whome, whether, which shall I first lament?
A deade father, a dishonour'd wife. Stand. 440
Me thinks I feele the frame of nature shake.
Cracks not the ioynts of earth to beare my woes?

Alb. Sweet Prince, be patient.

Ant. S'lid fir, I will not in despight of thee.
Patience is slaue to fooles: a chaine that's fixt
Onely to postes, and senslesse log-likedolts.

Alb. Tis reasons glorie to commaund affects.

An. Lies thy cold father dead, his glossed eyes
New closed vp by thy sad mothers hands?
Hast thou a loue as spotlesse as the browe 450
Of clearest heauen, blurd with false defames?
Are thy moyft entrals crumpled vp with grieve

Antonio and Mellida.

Of parching mischiefs? Tel me, does thy hart
With punching anguish spur thy galled ribs?
Then come and let's sit and weep & wreath our arms:
Ile heare thy counsell. *Alb.* Take comfort

Ant. Confusion to all comfort: I desie it.
Comfort's a Parasite, a flattering Iack:
And melts resolu'd despaire. O boundlesse woe,
If there be any black yet vnknown grieffe: 460
If there be any horror yet vnfelt,
Vnthought of mischiefe in thy fiendlike power,
Dash it vpon my miserable heade-
Make me more wretch, more curfed if thou canst-
O, now my fate is more than I could feare:
My woes more waightie than my soule can beare. *Exit*

Pan. Ha, ha, ha.

Al. Why laugh you vncke? Thats my cuz, your son,
Whose brest hangs cased in his cluttered gore.

Pa. True man, true: why, wherfore should I weepe? 470
Come sit, kinde Nephew: come on: thou and I
Will talke as *Chorus* to this tragedie.

Intreat the musick straine their instruments,
With a slight touch whilst we. Say on fair cuz.

Alb. Hewastheveryhopeof Italy, *Musick sounds softly.*
The blooming honour of your drooping age.

P. True cuz, true. They say that men of hope are crusht:
Good are suppress'd by base desertlesse clods,
That stifle gasping vertue. Look sweet youth,
How proudient our quick *Venetians* are, 480
Least houes of iades should trample on my boy:
Looke how they lift him vp to eminence,
Heaue him, boue reach of flesh. Ha, ha, ha.

The second part of

Alb. Vncle, this laughter ill becomes your griefe.

Pan. Would't haue me cry, run rauing vp & down,
For my fons losse? would't haue me turn rank mad,
Or wring my face with mimick action;
Stampe, curſe, weepe, rage, & then my boſome ſtrike?
Away tis a piſh action, player-like.

If hee is guiltleſſe, why ſhould teares be ſpent? 490
Thrice bleſſed ſoule that dyeth innocent.

If he is leaped with ſo foule a guilt,
Why ſhould a ſigh be lent, a teare be ſpilt?
The gripe of chaunce is weake, to wring a teare,
From him that knowes what fortitude ſhould beare.

Liſten young blood. Tis not true valors pride,
To ſwagger, quarrell, ſweare, ſtampe, raue, and chide,
To ſtab in fume of blood, to keepe lowde coyle,
To bandie factions in domeſtick broyles,
To dare the act of Sins, whoſe filth excels 500
The blackeſt cuſtomes of blinde Infidels.

No, my lou'd youth: he may of valour vaunt;
Whom fortunes lowdeſt thunder can not daunt,
Whom fretful gaules of chance, ſterne fortunes ſiege
Makes not his reaſon ſlinke, the foules faire liege;
Whoſe well pai'd action euer reſts vpon
Not giddie humours, but diſcretion.

This heart in valour euen *Ioue* out-goes:
Ioue is without, but this 'boue ſenſe of woes:

And ſuch a one eternitie: Behold, 510
Good morrow ſonne: thou bidſt a fig for colde.
Sound lowder muſick: let my breath exact,
You ſtrike ſad Tones vnto this diſmall act.

ACT

Antonio and Mellida.

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

11. i

The Cornets sound a cynet.

¶ *Enter two mourners with torches, two with streamers: Castilio & Forobosco, with torches: a Heralde bearing Andrugio's helme & sword, the coffin: Maria supported by Lucio and Alberto, Antonio by himselfe: Piero, and Strozze talking: Galeatzo and Matzagente, Balurdo & Pandulfo: the coffin set downe: helme, sword, and streamers hung vp, placed by the Herald: whilst Antonio and Maria wet their handkerchers with their teares, kisse them, and lay them on the hearse, kneeling: all goe out but Piero. Cornets cease, and he speaks.*

Pie. **R**OT ther thou cearcloth that infolds the flesh
Of my loath'd foe; moulder to crūbling dust:
Obliuion choake the passage of thy fame.
Trophees of honor'd birth droppe quickly downe:
Let naught of him, but what was vitious, liue. 530
Though thou art deade, thinke not my hate is dead:
I haue but newly twone my arme in the curld locks
Of snakie vengeance. Pale beetle-brow'd hate
But newly buffles vp. Sweet wrong, I clap thy thoughts.
O let me hug my bosome, rub my breast,
In hope of what may happe. *Andrugio* rots:
Antonio liues: vmh: how long? ha, ha; how long?

C 3

Ant.

The second Parte of

Antonio packt hence, Ile his mother wed,
Then cleare my daughter of supposed lust,
Wed her to *Florence* heire. O excellent.

540

Venice, Genoa, Florence, at my becke,
At *Piero's* nod. *Balurdo*, ô ho.

O, twill be rare, all vn suspected donne.
I haue bin nurst in blood, and still haue suckt
The steeme of reeking gore. *Balurdo*, ho ?

¶ *Enter Balurdo with a beard, halfe of, halfe on.*

Ba. When my beard is on, most noble prince, when
my beard is on.

Pier. Why, what dost thou with a beard ?

Ba. In truth, one tolde me that my wit was balde, & 550
that a Meremaide was halfe fish, and halfe fish : and
therefore to speake wisely, like one of your counsell,
as indeede it hath pleased you to make me, not onely
being a foole, of your counsell, but also to make me of
your counsell, being a foole ; If my wit be bald, and a
Mermaid be halfe fish and halfe cunger, then I must be
forced to conclude the tiring man hath not glewd
on my beard halfe fast, enough. Gods bores, it wil not
stick to fal off. (while ?

Pie. Dost thou know what thou hast spoken all this 560

Ba. O Lord Duke, I would be forie of that. Many
men can vtter that which, no man, but themselues can
conceiue : but I thanke a good wit, I haue the gift to
speake that which neither any man els, nor my selfe
vnderstands-

Pi. Thou art wise. He that speaks he knows not what,
shal neuer sin against his own conscience : go to, thou
art

Antonio and Mellida.

art wife.

Ba. Wife? O no. I haue a little naturall discretion, or so: but for wife, I am somewhat prudent: but for wife, 570
ô Lord.

Pie. Hold, take those keyes, open the Castle vault, & put in *Mellida*.

Bal. And put in *Mellida*? well, let me alone.

Pi. Bid *Forobosco*, and *Castilio* guard,
Indeere thy selfe *Piero's* intimate.

Bal. Indeere, and intimate: good, I assure you. I will indeere and intimate *Mellida* into the dūgeon presctly.

Pie. Will *Pandulfo Feliche* waite on me?

Ba- I will make him come, most retort and obtuse, to 580
you presently. I thinke, sir *Jeffrey* talks like a counseller.
Go to, gods neaks, I thinke I tickle it.

Pie. Ile seeme to winde yon foole with kindest arme.
He that's ambitious minded, and but man,
Must haue his followers beasts, dubd flauish sots:
Whose seruice is obedience, and whose wit
Reacheth no further then to admire their Lord,
And stare in adoration of his worth.

I loue, a slaue rak't out of common mud
Should seeme to sit in counsell with my heart. 590
High honour'd blood's too squemish to assent,
And lend a hand to an ignoble act.
Poyson from roses who could ere abstract?
How now *Pandulfo*, weeping for thy sonne?

The second Parte of

SCENA SECVNDA.

II. i
(*cont.*)

Enter Pandulfo.

Pan. NO no, *Piero*, weeping for my finnes : (sonne.
Had I bin a good father, he had bin a gracious

Pie. Pollution must be purg'd. (flesh,

Pan. Why taintst thou then the ayre with stench of 600
And humane putrifactions noysome sent?

I pray his bodie. Who lesse boone can craue,
Than to bestowe vpon the deade, his graue?

Pie. Graue? why? think't thou he deserues a graue,
That hath defil'd the temple of

Pan. Peace, peace :
Me thinks I heare a humming murmur creepe
From out his gelli'd wounds. Looke on those lips,
Those now lawne pillowes, on whose tender softnesse,
Chaste modest speach, stealing from out his breast, 610
Had wont to rest it selfe, as loath to poast
From out so faire an Inne: look, look, they seeme to stir,
And breath defyance to black obloquie.

Pie. Think't thou thy sonne could suffer wrongfully?

Pan. A wise man wrongfully, but neuer wrong
Can take : his breast's of such well tempered prooffe,
It may be rac'd, not pearc't by sauage tooth
Of foaming malice : showers of dartes may darke
Heauens ample browe : but not strike out a sparke ;
Much lesse pearce the Suns cheek. Such songs as these, 620

Antonio and Mellida.

often dittied till my boy did sleepe:
But now I turne plaine foole (alas) I weepe. (deade :

Pie. Fore heauen he makes me shrug: wold a were
He is a vertuous man. What has our court to doe
With vertue, in the diuels name! *Pandulpho*, harken.
My lustfull daughter dies: start not, she dies.

I pursue iustice, I loue sanctitie,
And an vndefiled temple of pure thoughts.
Shall I speake freely? Good *Andrugio's* dead:
And I doe feare a fetch; but (vmh) would I durst speake. 63c
I doe mistrust; but (vmh) death: is he all, all man:
Hath he no part of mother in him, ha?
No licorish womanish inquisitiuenesse?

Pan. *Andrugio's* deade!

Pie. I, and I feare, his owne vnnaturall blood,
To whome he gaue life, hath giuen death for life.
How could he come on, I see false suspect
Is vicde; wrung hardly in a vertuous heart.
Well, I could giue you reason for my doubts.
You are of honour'd birth, my very friende. 64c
You know how god-like tis to roote out sin.

Antonio is a villaine. Will you ioyne
In oath with me, against the traitors life,
And sweare, you knewe, he sought his fathers death?
I lou'd him well, yet I loue iustice more:
Our friends we should affect, iustice adore.

Pan. My Lord, the clapper of my mouth's not glibd
With court oyle, twill not strike on both sides yet.

Pie. Tis iust that subiectes acte commaunds of kings.

Pan. Commaund then iust and honorable things. 65c

D

Pie.

The second part of

Pie. Euen so my selfe then will traduce his guilt.

Pan. Beware, take heed least guiltlesse blood bespilt.

Pie. Where onely honest deeds to kings are free,
It is no empire, but a beggery.

Pan. Where more than noble deeds to kings are free,
It is no empire, but a tyranny.

Pie. Tush iuicelesse graybeard, tis immunity,
Proper to princes, that our state exactes,
Our subiects not alone to beare, but praise our acts.

Pan. O, but that prince that worthfull praise aspires, 660
From hearts, and not from lips, applause desires.

Pie. Pish, true praise, the brow of common men doth
False, only girts the temple of a king. (ring,
He that hath strength, and's ignorant of power,
He was not made to rule, but to be rul'd.

Pan. Tis praise to doe, not what we can, but should.

Pie. Hencedoting Stoick: by my hope of blisse,
Ile make thee wretched.

Pan. Defyance to thy power, thou rifted Iawne.
Now, by the lou'd heauen, sooner thou shalt 670
Rince thy foule ribs from the black filth of sinne,
That foots thy heart, then make me wretched. Pish,
Thou canst not coupe me vp. Hadst thou a Iaile
With trebble walles, like antick *Babylon*,
Pandulpho can get out. I tell thee Duke,
I haue ould *Fortunatus* wishing cappe:
And can be where I list, euen in a trice.
Ile skippe from earth into the armes of heauen:
And from tryumphall arch of blessednesse,
Spit on thy froathy breast. Thou canst not flaue 680

Or

Antonio and Mellida.

Or banish me; I will be free at home,
Maugre the bearde of greatnesse. The port holes
Of sheathed spirit are nere corb'd vp:
But still stand open readie to discharge
Their pretious shot into the shrowds of heauen.

Pie. O torture! slaue, I banish thee the towne,
Thy natiue seate of birth.

Pa. How proud thou speak'st! I tell thee Duke, the blasts
Of the swolne cheekt winds, nor all the breath of kings
Can puffle me out my natiue seat of birth. 692

The earth's my bodies, and the heauen's my foules
Most natiue place of birth, which they will keepe:
Despite the menace of mortalitie-
Why Duke:

That's not my natiue place, where I was rockt.
A wise mans home is wherefoere he is wise.
Now that, from man, not from the place doth rise.

Pie. Wold I were deafe (ô plague) hence dotard wretch:
Tread not in court. All that thou hast, I seize.
His quiet's firmer then I can disease. 700

Pan. Goe, boast vnto thy flattrring Sycophants;
Pandulpho's slaue, *Piero* hath orethrowne.
Loose Fortunes rags are lost; my owne's my owne.

¶ *Piero's going out, looks backe. Exeunt at severall
doores.*

Tis true *Piero*, thy vext heart shall see,
Thou hast but tript my slaue, not conquerd mee.

The second part of

SCENA TERTIA.

II. ii

¶ *Enter Antonio with a booke, Lucio, Alberto, Antonio in blacke.*

710

Alb. **N**AY sweet be comforted, take counsell and
Ant. Alberto, peace: that grieve is wanton sick,
Whose stomacke can digest and brooke the dyet
Of stale ill relisht counsell. Pigmie cares
Can shelter vnder patience shield: but gyant griefes
Will burst all couert.

Lu. My Lord, tis supper time.

Ant. Drinke deepe *Alberto*: eate, good *Lucio*:
But my pin'd heart shall eat on naught but woe.

Alb. My Lord, we dare not leaue you thus alone.

720

Ant. You cannot leaue *Antonio* alone.

The chamber of my breast is euen throngd,
With firme attendance, that forsweares to flinch.
I haue a thing fits here; it is not grieve,
Tis not despaire, nor the most plague
That the most wretched are infected with:
But the most Greefull, despairing, wretched,
Accursed, miserable. O, for heauens sake
Forfake me now; you see how light I am,
And yet you force me to defame my patience.

730

Lu. Faire gentle prince

Ant. Away, thy voice is hatefull: thou dost buzze,

And

Antonio and Mellida.

And beat my cares with intimations
That *Mellida*, that *Mellida* is light,
And stained with adulterous luxury :
I cannot brook't. I tell the *Lucio*,
Sooner will I giue faith, that vertue's scant
In princes courts, will be adorn'd with wreath
Of choyce respect, and indeerd intimate.
Sooner will I beleene that friendships raine. 740
Will curbe ambition from vtilitie,
Then *Mellida* is light. Alas poore soule,
Didst ere see her (good heart, hast heard her speake?
Kinde, kinde soule. Incredulitie it selfe (cheeks
Would not be so brasse hearted, as suspect so modest

Lu. My Lord

Ant. Away, a selfe-one guilt doth onely hatch distrust :
But a chaste thought's as farre from doubt, as lust.
I intreat you leaue me.

Alb. Will you endeaouour to forget your grieffe? 750

Ant. Ifaith I will, good friend, Ifaith I will.

Ile come and eate with you. *Alberto*, see,
I am taking Physicke, heer's Philosophie.
Good honest leaue me, Ile drinke wine anone.

Alb. Since you enforce vs, faire prince, we are gone.

Exeunt Alberto and Lucio.

¶ *Antonio reads.*

A. Ferte fortiter : hoc est quo deum anteceditis. Ille enim extra patientiam malorum ; vos supra. Contemnite dolorem : aut soluetur, aut soluet. Contemnite fortunā : nullū telū, quo 760 feriret animum habet.

Pish, thy mother was not lately widdowed,

D3

Thy

The second Parte of

Thy deare affied loue, lately defam'd,
With blemish of foule lust, when thou wrot'st thus.
Thou wrapt in furies, beaking thy lymbs 'fore fiers,
Forbidst the frozē Zone to shudder. Ha, ha : tis naught,
But fomie bubling of a fleamie braine,
Naught els but smoake. O what danke marrish spirit,
But would be fyred with impatience,
At my No more, no more : he that was neuer blest, 770
With height of birth, faire expectation
Of mounted fortunes, knowes not what it is
To be the pittied obiect of the worlde.
O, poore *Antonio*, thou maist sigh.

Mell. Aye me.

Ant. And curse.

Pan. Black powers.

Ant. And cry.

Ma. O heauen.

Ant. And close laments with

780

Alb. O me most miserable.

Pan. Woe for my deare deare sonne.

Mar. Woe for my deare, deare husband.

Mel. Woe for my deare deare loue.

Ant. Woe for me all, close all your woes in me :

In me *Antonio*, ha? Where liue these founds?

I can see nothing; griefe's inuifible,

And lurkes in secret angles of the heart-

Come sigh againe, *Antonio* beares his part.

Mell. O here, here is a vent to passe my sighes.

790

I haue furcharg'd the dungeon with my plaints.

Prison, and heart will burst, if void of vent.

Antonio and Mellida.

I, that is *Phæbe*, empresse of the night,
That gins to mount ; ô chastest deitie :
If I be false to my *Antonio*,
If the least soyle of lust smeers my pure loue,
Make me more wretched, make me more accurst
Then infamie, torture, death, hell and heauen
Can bound with amplest power of thought : if not,
Purge my poore heart, with defamations blot. 800

Ant. Purge my poore heart from defamations blot !
Poore heart, how like her vertuous selfe she speakes.
Mellida, deare *Mellida*, it is *Antonio* :
Slinke not away, tis thy *Antonio*.

Mel. How found you out, my Lord (alas) I knowe
Tis easie in this age, to finde out woe.
I haue a sute to you.

Ant. What is't, deare soule ?

Mell. Kill me, Ifaith Ile winke, not stir a iot.
For God sake kill mee : insooth, lou'd youth, 810
I am much iniur'd ; looke, see how I creepe.
I cannot wreake my wrong, but sigh and weepe.

An. May I be cursed, but I credit thee.

Mell. To morrowe I must die-

An. Alas, for what ?

Mell. For louing thee ; tis true my sweetest breast-
I must die falsely : so must thou, deare heart.
Nets are a knitting to intrappe thy life.
Thy fathers death must make a Paradise
To my (I shame to call him) father. Tell me sweet, 820
Shall I die thine ? dost loue mee still, and still ?

The second Parte of

Ant. I doe.

Mell. Then welcome heauens will.

Ant. Madam, I will not swell like a Tragedian, in forced passion of affected straines.

If I had present power of ought but pittying you, I would be as readie to redresse your wrongs, as to pursue your loue. Throngs of thoughts crowde for their passage, somewhat I will doe.

Reach me thy hand: thinke this is honors bent,
To liue vnslau'd, to die innocent. 830

Mel. Let me entreat a fauour, gracious loue.
Be patient, see me die, good doe not weepe:
Goe sup, sweete chuck, drinke, and securely sleepe.

Ant. I faith I cannot, but Ile force my face
To palliate my sicknesse.

Mell. Giue me thy hand. Peace on thy bosome dwell:
That all my woe can breath: kisse. Thus farewell.

Ant. Farewell: my heart is great of thoughts,
Stay doue: 840

And therefore I must speake: but what? ô Loue!
By this white hand: eno more: reade in these teares,
What crushing anguish thy *Antonio* beares.

*Antonio kisseth Mellida's hand: then Mellida
goes from the grate.*

Mel. God night good harte. (part.

Ant. Thus heate from blood, thus foules from bodies

¶ *Enter Piero and Strozzo.*

Pie. Hegreeues, laugh *Strozzo*: laugh, heweepes.
Hath he teares? ô pleasure! hath he teares? 850
Now doe I scourge *Andrugio* with Steele whips

Of

Antonio and Mellida.

Of knottie vengeance. *Strozxo*, cause me straight
Some plaining dittie to augment despaire.

Tryumph *Piero*: harke, he groanes, ô rare!

Ant. Beholde a prostrate wretch laid on his tounge.

His Epitaph, thus; *Ne plus ultra.* Ho.

Let none out-woe me: mine's *Herculean* woe.

CANTANT.

Exit Piero at the end of the song.

SCENA QVARTA.

II. ii
(cont.)

¶ *Enter Maria.*

861

Ant. MAY I be more curst then heauen can make
If I am not more wretched (me;

Then man can conceiue me. Sore forlorne
Orphant, what omnipotence can make thee happie?

Mar. How now sweete sonne? good youth,
what dost thou?

Ant. Weepe, weepe.

Mar. Dost naught but weepe, weepe?

Ant. Yes mother, I do sigh, and wring my hands, 870
Beat my poore breast, and wreath my tender armes.

Harke yee; Ile tel you wondrous strange, strange news.

Ma. What my good boy, starke mad?

Ant. I am not.

Ma. Alas, is that strange newes?

E

Ant

The second Parte of

Ant. Strange news? why mother, is't not wondrous
I am not mad? I run not frantick, ha? (strange
Knowing my fathers trunk scarce colde, your loue
Is sought by him that doth pursue my life?
Seeing the beautie of creation,
Antonio's bride, pure heart, defam'd, and stoad
Vnder the hatches of obscuring earth.
Heu quo labor, quo vota ceciderunt mea!

880

¶ *Enter Piero-*

Pie. Good euening to the faire *Antonio*,
Most happie fortune, sweete succeeding time,
Rich hope: think not thy fate a bankrout though
Ant. Vmh, the diuell in his good time and tide for-
fake thee.

Pie. How now? harke yee Prince.

890

An. God be with you.

Pie. Nay, noble blood, I hope yee not suspect

An. Suspect, I scorn't. Here's cap & leg; good night:
Thou that wants power, with dissemblance fight.

Exit Antonio-

Pier. Madam, O that you could remēber to forget

Ma. I had a husband and a happie sonne.

Pi. Most powreful beautie, that enchanting grace

Ma. Talke not of beautie, nor enchanting grace.

My husband's deade, my son's distraught, accurst.
Come, I must vent my griefes, or heart will burst.

900

Exit Maria.

Pie. Shee's gone (& yet she's here) she hath left a print
Of her sweete graces fixt within my heart,
As fresh as is her face. Ile marrie her.

Shee's

Antonio and Mellida.

Shee's most fair, true, most chaste, most false : because
Most faire, tis firme Ile marrie her.

SCENA QVINTA.

11
(1

¶ Enter *Stratzo*.

Str. MY Lord.

91

Piero. Ha, *Stratzo*, my other soule, my life,
Deare, hast thou steel'd the point of thy resolute?
Wilt not turne edge in execution?

Str. No.

Pie. Doe it with rare passion, and present thy guilt,
As if twere wrung out with thy conscience gripe.
Swear that my daughter's innocent of lust,
And that *Antonio* brib'd thee to defame
Her maiden honour, on inueterate hate
Vnto my bloode; and that thy hand was feed
By his large bountie, for his fathers death.
Swear plainly that thou chok'tst *Andrugio*,
By his sons onely egging. Rull me in
Whil't *Mellida* prepares her selfe to die:
Halter about thy necke, and with such sighs,
Laments and acclamations lyfen it,
As if impulsive power of remorse

92

Str. Ile weepe.

Pie. I, I, fall on thy face and cry; why suffer you
So lewde a slaue as *Stratzo* is to breath?

93

Str. Ile beg a strangling, growe importunate

Pie. As if thy life were loathsome to thee: then I
Catch straight the cords end; and, as much incens'd
With thy damn'd mischiefs, offer a rude hand,

The second part of

As readie to girde in thy pipe of breath :
But on the fodaine straight Ile stand amaz'd,
And fall in exclamations of thy vertues.

Str. Applaud my agonies, and penitence.

Pie. Thy honest stomach, that could not digest
The crudities of murder : but furcharg'd, 940
Vomited'tt them vp in Christian pietie.

Str. Then clip me in your armes.

Pie. And call thee brother, mount thee straight to state,
Make thee of counsell ; tut, tut, what not, what not ?
Thinke ont, be confident, pursue the plot.

Str. Looke here's a troop, a true rogues lips are mute.
I doe not vse to speake, but execute.

He layes finger on his mouth, and drawes his dagger.

Pie. So, so ; run headlong to confusion :
Thou slight brain'd mischiefe, thou art made as durt, 950
To plaster vp the bracks of my defects.

Ile wring what may be squeas'd from out his vse :
And good night *Strozzo*. Swell plump bold heart.
For now thy tide of vengeance rowleth in :

O now *Tragædia Cothurnata* mounts.

Piero's thoughts are fixt on dire exploites.

Pell mell : confusion, and black murder guides

The organs of my spirit : shrink not heart.

Capienda rebus in malis præceps via est.

FINIS ACTVS SECVNDI.

960

AC-

Antonio and Mellida.

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

III. 3

¶ *A dumbe shoue. The cornets sounding for the Acte.*

¶ *Enter Castilio and Forobosco, Alberto and Balurdo, with polaxes: Strotzo talking with Piero, seemeth to send out Strotzo. Exit Strotzo. Enter Strotzo, Maria, Nutriche, and Luceo. Piero passeth through his guard, and talkes with her with seeming amorousnesse: she seemeth to reiect his suite, flyes to the tounge, kneeles, and kisseth it. Piero bribes Nutriche and Lucio: they goe to her, seeming to solicite his suite. She riseth, offers to goe out, Piero stayeth her, teares open his breast, imbraceth and kisseth her, and so they goe all out in State.*

¶ *Enter two pages, the one with two tapers, the other with a chafing dish: a perfume in it. Antonio, in his night gowne, and a night cap, vnbrac't, following after.*

An. THE black iades of swart night trot foggy rings
Bout heauens browe. (12) Tis now starke
deade night.

Is this Saint Markes Church?

1. *Pa.* It is, my Lord.

980

Ant. Where stands my fathers hearse?

2. *Pa.* Those streamers beare his armes. I, that is it.

Ant. Set tapers to the tounge, & lampe the Church-
Giue me the fire. Now depart and sleepe. *Exeunt pages.*

The second part of

I purifie the ayre with odorous fume. (weight.
Graues, valts, and tounbes, groane not to beare my
Colde flesh, bleake trunks, wrapt in your half-rot
shrowdes,

I presse you softly, with a tender foote.

Most honour'd sepulchre, vouchsafe a wretch, 990

Leaue to weepe ore thee. Tounb, Ile not be long

Ere I creepe in thee, and with bloodlesse lips

Kisse my cold fathers cheeke. I pree thee, graue,

Prouide soft mould to wrap my carcasle in.

Thou royal spirit of *Andrugio*, where ere thou houerft

(Ayrie intellectt) I heaue vp tapers to thee (viewe thy

In celebration of dewe obsequies. son)

Once euery night, Ile dewe thy funerall hearfe

With my religious teares.

O blessed father of a cursed son,

1000

Thou diedst most happie, since thou liuedst not

To see thy sonne most wretched, and thy wife

Pursu'd by him that seekes my guiltlesse blood.

O, in what orbe thy mightie spirit soares,

Stoop and beat downe this rising fog of shame,

That striues to blur thy blood, and girt defame

About my innocent and spotlesse browes.

Non est mori miserum, sed miserè mori.

And. Thy pangs of anguish rip my cerecloth vp:

And loe the ghoast of ould *Andrugio*

1010

Forfakes his coffin. *Antonio*, reuenge-

I was impoyson'd by *Piero's* hand :

Reuenge my bloode; take spirit gentle boy :

Reuenge my bloode. Thy *Mellida*, is chaste :

Only

Antonio and Mellida.

Onely to frustrate thy pursuite in loue,
Is blaz'd vnchaste. Thy mother yeelds content
To be his wife, & giue his bloode a sonne,
That made her husbandlesse, and doth complot
To make her sonlesse: but before I touch
The banks of rest, my ghost shall visite her. 1020
Thou vigor of my youth, iuyce of my loue,
Seize on reuenge, graspe the sterne bended front
Of frowning vengeance, with vnpaized clutch.
Alarum *Nemesis*, rouze vp thy blood,
Inuent some stratageme of vengeance:
Which but to thinke on, may like lightning glide,
With horor through thy breast; remember this.
Scelera non vlcisceris, nisi vincis. Exit Andrugio's ghost.

SCENA SECVNDA. III. i
(cont.)

¶ *Enter Maria, her haire about her eares: Nutriche, 1030
and Lucio, with Pages, and torches.*

Ma. **VV**HERE left you him? shewe mee
good boyes, away.

Nut. Gods mee, your haire.

Ma. Nurse, tis not yet prowde day:
The neat gay miltes of the light's not vp,
Her cheekes not yet flurd ouer with the paint
Of borrowed crimsons; the vnpranked world
E 4 Wears

The second Parte of

Wears yet the night-cloathes : let flare my loosed hair.
I scorne the preſence of the night. 1040
Where's my boy ? Run : Ile range about the Church,
Like frantick *Bachanell*, or *Iafens* wife,
Inuoking all the ſpirits of the graues,
To tell me where. Hah ? O my poore wretched blood,
What doſt thou vp at midnight, my kinde boy ?
Deare ſoule, to bed : ô thou haſt ſtruck a fright
Vnto thy mothers panting

*O quisquis noua
Supplicia functis dirus umbrarum arbiter
Diſponis, quisquis exſeo iaces* 1050
*Pauidus ſub antri, quisquis venturi times
Montis ruinam, quisquis auidorum feres,
Rictus leonum, & dira furiarum agmina
Implicitus horres, Antonii vocem excipe
Properantis ad vos Vlciſcar.*

Ma. Alas my ſon's diſtraught. Sweete boy appeaſe
Thy mutining affections.

Ant. By the aſtonning terror of ſwart night,
By the infectious damps of clammie graues,
And by the mould that preſſeth downe 1060
My deade fathers ſculle : Ile be reueng'd.

Ma. Wherefore ? on whom ? for what ? go, go to bed
Good dutious ſonne. Ho, but thy idle

An. So I may ſleepe toub'd in an honour'd hearſe,
So may my bones reſt in that Sepulcher,

Ma. Forget not dutie ſonne : to bed, to bed.

An. May I be curſed by my fathers gholt,
And blaſted with incenſed breath of heauen,

Antonio and Mellida.

If my heart beat on ought but vengeance,
May I be numd with horror, and my vaines
Pucker with sing'ing torture, if my braine
Disgest a thought, but of dire vengeance:
May I be fetter'd slaue to coward Chaunce,
If blood, heart, braine, plot ought saue vengeance.

Ma. Wilt thou to bed? I wonder when thou sleepest
Ifaith thou look'st sunk-ey'd; go couch thy head:
Now faith tis idle: sweet, sweet sonne to bed.

Ant. I haue a prayer or two, to offer vp,
For the good, good Prince, my most deare, dear Lord,
The Duke *Piero*, and your vertuous selfe:
And then when those prayers haue obtain'd successe,
In sooth Ile come (beleue it now) and couch
My heade in downie moulde: but first Ile see
You safely laide. Ile bring yee all to bed.

Piero, Maria, Strotzo, Luceo,
Ile see you all laid: Ile bringe you all to bed,
And then, ifaith, Ile come and couch my head,
And sleepe in peace.

Ma. Looke then, wee goe before.

Exeunt all but Antonio.

Ant. I, so you must, before we touch the shore
Of wisht reuenge. O you departed foules,
That lodge in coffin'd trunks, which my feet presse
(If *Pythagorian Axiomes* be true,
Of spirits transmigration) fleete no more
To humane bodies, rather liue in swine,
Inhabit wolues flesh, scorpions, dogs, and toads,
Rather then man. The curse of heauen raines

The second Parte of

In plagues vnlimitted through all his daies.
His mature age growes onely mature vice,
And ripens onely to corrupt and rot
The budding hopes of infant modestie.
Still struiuing to be more then man, he prooues
More then a diuell, diuelish suspect, diuelish crueltie :
All hell-straid iuyce is powred to his vaines,
Making him drunke with fuming furquedries,
Contempt of heauen, vntam'd arrogance,
Lust, state, pride, murder.

1100

And. Murder.

Fel. Murder.

Pa. Murder.

} *From aboue and beneath.*

1110

Ant. I, I will murder : graues and ghosts
Fright me no more, Ile suck red vengeance
Out of *Pieros* wounds *Piero's* wounds.

Enter two boyes, with Piero in his night gown & night cap.

Pie. *Maria*, loue *Maria* : she tooke this Ile.
Left you her here? On lights : away :
I thinke we shall not warme our beds to day.

¶ *Enter Iulio, Forobosco, and Castilio.*

Iul. Ho, father? father?

1120

Pie. How now *Iulio*, my little prettie sonne?
Why suffer you the childe to walke so late.

Foro. He will not sleepe, but cals to followe you,
Crying that bug-beares & spirits haunted him.

Antonio offers to come nere and stab, Piero presently

Ant. No, not so.

(withdrawes.)

This shall be fought for ; Ile force him feede on life
Till he shall loath it. This shall be the close

Of

Antonio and Mellida.

Of vengeance straine.

Pic. Away there : Pages, leade on fast with light. 1130
The Church is full of damps : tis yet deade night.

Exit all, saving Iulio.

SCENA TERTIA.

III. i
(cont.)

Iul. **B**ROTHER *Antonio*, are you here ifaith?
Why doe you frowne? Indeed my sister said,
That I should call you brother, that she did,
When you were married to her. Bussè me ; good
Truth, I loue you better then my father, deede.

Ant. Thy father? Gracious, o bounteous heauen!
I doe adore thy Iustice ; *Venit in nostras manus* 1140
Tandem vindicta, venit & tota quidem.

Iul. Truth, since my mother dyed, I lou'd you best.
Something hath angred you ; pray you look merily.

Ant. I will laugh, and dimple my thinne cheekes,
With capring ioy ; chuck, my heart doth leape
To graspe thy bosome. Time, place, and blood,
How fit you close together ! *Heauens tones*
Strike not such musick to immortall soules,
As your accordance sweetes my breast withall.
Me thinks I pafe vpon the front of *Ioue*, 1150

And kick corruption with a scornefull heele,
Gripping this flesh, disdaine mortalitie.
O that I knewe which ioynt, which side, which lim
Were father all, and had no mother in't:
That I might rip it vaine by vaine ; and carue reuenge
In bleeding races : but since 'tis mixt together,
Haue at aduventure, pel mell, no reuerse.

The second Parte of

Come hither boy. This is *Andrugio's* hearse.

Iul. O God, youle hurt me. For my sisters sake,
Pray you doe not hurt me. And you kill me, deede, 1160
Ile tell my father

An. O, for thy sisters sake, I flagge reuenge.

Andr. Reuenge.

Ant. Stay, stay, deare father, fright mine eyes no more.

Reuenge as swift as lightning bursteth forth,
And cleares his heart. Come, prettie tender childe,
It is not thee I hate, not thee I kill-

Thy fathers blood that flowes within thy veines,
Is it I loath; is that, Reuenge must sucke.

I loue thy soule: and were thy heart lapt vp 1170
In any flesh, but in *Piero's* bloode,

I would thus kisse it: but being his: thus, thus,
And thus Ile punch it. Abandon feares.

Whil'st thy wounds bleede, my browes shall gush out
teares.

Iuli. So you will loue me, doe euen what you will.

Ant. Now barks the Wolfe against the full cheekt
Moone.

Now Lyons halfe-clamd entrals roare for food.

Now croakes the toad, & night-crowes screech aloud, 1180
Fluttering 'bout casements of departing soules.

Now gapes the graues, and through their yawnes let
Imprison'd spirits to reuifit earth: (loose

And now swarte night, to swell thy hower out,
Behold I spurt warme bloode in thy blacke eyes.

From under the stage a groane.

Ant. Howle not thou pury mould, groan not ye graues.

Be

Antonio and Mellida.

Be dumbe all breath. Here stands *Andrugio's* sonne,
Worthie his father. So : I feele no breath.
His iawes are falne, his dislodg'd soule is fled : 1190
And now there's nothing, but *Piero*, left.
He is all *Piero*, father all. This blood,
This breast, this heart, *Piero* all :
Whome thus I mangle. Spright of *Iulyo*,
Forget this was thy trunk. I liue thy friend.
Maist thou be twined with the softest imbrace
Of cleare eternitie : but thy fathers blood,
I thus make incense of, to vengeance.
Ghost of my poysoned Syre, sucke this fume :
To sweete reuenge perfume thy circling ayre, 1200
With smoake of bloode. I sprinkle round his goare,
And dewe thy hearse, with these fresh reeking drops.
Loe thus I heaue my blood-died handes to heauen :
Euen like infatiate hell, still crying ; More.
My heart hath thirsting Dropsies after goare.
Sound peace, and rest, to Church, night ghosts, and
graues.
Blood cries for bloode ; and murder murder craues.

SCENA QVARTA. 111. ii

¶ *Enter two Pages with torches. Marya, her hayre loose, 1210
and Nutriche.*

Nut. FY, fie ; to morrowe your wedding day, and
weepe ! Gods my comfort. *Andrugio* could do
well ; *Piero* may doe better. I haue had foure husbands

The second part of

my selfe. The first I called, *Sweete Duck*; the second, *Deare Heart*; the third, *Prettie Pugge*: But the fourth, most sweete, deare, prettie, all in all: he was the verie cockeall of a husband. What, Ladie? your skinne is smoothe, your bloode warme, your cheekes fresh, your eye quick: change of pasture makes fat calues: choice ¹²²⁰ of linnen, cleane bodies; and (no question) variety of husbands perfect wiues. I would you should knowe it, as fewe teeth as I haue in my heade, I haue red *Aristotles Problemes*, which saith; that woman receiueth perfection by the man. What then be the men? Goe to, to bed, lye on your backe, dream not on *Piero*. I say no more: to morrowe is your wedding: doe, dreame not of *Piero*.

¶ *Enter Balurdo with a base Vyole.*

Ma. What an idle prate thou keep'st? good nurse ¹²³⁰ goe sleepe.

I haue a mightie taske of teares to weepe.

Bal. Ladie, with a most retort and obtuse legge I kisse the curled locks of your loose haire. The Duke hath sent you the most muscicall sir *Gefferey*, with his not base, but most innobled *Viole*, to rock your baby thoughts in the Cradle of sleepe.

Ma. I giue the noble Duke respectiue thanks.

Bal. Respectiue; truly a verie prettie word. Indeed Madam, I haue the most respectiue fiddle. Did you e- ¹²⁴⁰uer smell a more sweete founde. My dittie must goe thus; verie wittie, I assure you: I my selfe in an humorous passion made it, to the tune of my mistresse *Nutriches* beautie. Indeepe, verie prettie, verie retort, and
ob-

Antonio and Mellida.

obtuse; Ile assure you tis thus.

My mistresse eye doth oyle my ioynts,

And makes my fingers nimble:

O loue, come on, vntrusse your points,

My fiddlestick wants Rozzen.

My Ladies dugges are all so smooth,

That no flesh must them handle:

Her eyes doe shine, for to say sooth,

Like a newe snuffed candle.

1250

Mar. Truelie, verie patheticall, and vnuulgar.

Ba. Patheticall, and vnuulgar; words of worth, excellent words. In sooth, Madam, I haue taken a murre, which makes my nose run most patheticallie, and vnulgarlie. Haue you anie Tobacco?

Ma. Good Signior, your song.

Ba. Instantlie, most vnvulgarlie, at your seruice. 1260
Truelie, here's the most patheticall rozzen. Vmh.

CANTANT.

Ma. In sooth, most knightlie sung, & like fir *Gefferey*.

Ba. Why, looke you Ladie, I was wade a knight on-ly for my voice; & a counseller, only for my wit.

Ma. I beleue it. God night, gentle fir, god night.

Bal. You will giue me leaue to take my leaue of my mistresse, and I will do it most famously in rime.

Farewell, adieu: Saith thy loue true,

As to part loath.

1270

Time bids vs parte, Mine owne sweete heart,

God bleesse vs both.

Exit Balurdo.

Ma. God night *Nutriche*. Pages, leaue the roome.
The life of night growes short, tis almost dead.

Exeunt Pages and Nutriche.

The second part of

O thou cold widdowe bed, sometime thrice blest,
By the warme pressure of my sleeping Lord :
Open thy leaues, and whilst on thee I treade,
Groane out. Alas, my deare *Andrugio's* deade.

Maria draweth the courtaine: and the ghost of 1280

Andrugio is displayed, sitting on the bed.

Amazing terror, what portent is this?

SCENA QUINTA.

III. ii
(cont.)

And. **D**ISLOYAL to our Hymniall rites,
What raging heat rains in thy strūpet blood?
Hast thou so soone forgot *Andrugio*?
Are our loue-bands so quickly cancelled?
Where liues thy plighted faith vnto this breast?
O weake *Marya*! Go to, calme thy feares.
I pardon thee, poore soule. O shed no teares, 1290
Thy sexe is weake. That black incarnate fiende
May trippe thy faith, that hath orethrowne my life:
I was impoyson'd by *Piero's* hand.
Ioyne with my sonne, to bend vp straind reuenge.
Maintaine a seeming fauour to his suite,
Till time may forme our vengeance absolute.

¶ *Enter Antonio, his armes bloody: a torch and a poniard.*

An. See, vnamaz'd, I will beholde thy face,
Outstare the terror of thy grimme aspect, 1300
Daring the horred't obiect of the night.
Looke how I smoake in blood, reeking the steame

Of

Antonio and Mellida.

Of foming vengeance. O my soule's inthron'd
In the tryumphant chariot of reuenge.

Me thiuks I am all ayre, and feele no waight
Of humane dirt clogge. This is *Iulios* bloode.
Rich musique, father; this is *Iulio's* blood.
Why liues that mother?

And. Pardon ignorance. Fly deare *Antonio*:
Once more assume disguise, and dog the Court
In fained habit, till *Piero's* blood
May euen ore-flowe the brimme of full reuenge.

1310

Exit Antonio.

Peace, and all blessed fortunes to you both.
Fly thou from Court, be pearelesse in reuenge:
Sleepe thou in rest, loe here I close thy couch.

*Exit Maria to her bed, Andrugio drawing the
Curtaines.*

And now yee footie courfers of the night,
Hurrie your chariot into hels black wombe.
Darkenesse, make flight; Graues, eat your dead again:
Let's repossesse our shrowdes. Why lags delay?
Mount sparkling brightnesse, giue the world his day.

1320

Exit Andrugio.

Explicit Actus tertius.

G

ACT.

The second Parte of

A C T. IIII. S C E N. I.

IV. i

¶ *Enter Antonio in a fooles habit, with a little toy of a walnut shell, and sope, to make bubbles: Maria, and Alberto.*

Ma. A W A Y with this disguise in any hand. 1330

Alb. A Fie, tis vnfitting to your elate spirite:
Rather put on some transhap't caualier,
Some habit of a spitting Critick, whose mouth
Voids nothing but gentile and vnuulgar
Rheume of censure: rather assume

Ant. Why then should I put on the verie flesh
Of solid folly. No, this cockscombe is a crowne
Which I affect, euen with vnbounded zeale.

Al. Twil thwart your plot, disgrace your high resolute.

An. By wisdomes heart there is no essence mortal, 1340
That I can enuie, but a plumpe cheekt foole:
O, he hath a patent of immunities
Confirm'd by custome, seald by pollicie,
As large as spatiuous thought.

Alb. You can not presse among the courtiers,
And haue access to

An. What? not a foole? Why friend, a golden asse,
A babl'd foole are sole canonicall,
Whil'st pale cheekt wisdom, and leane ribd arte

Are

Antonio and Mellida.

Are kept in distance at the halberts point : 1350
All held *Apocrypha*, not worth suruey.
Why, by the *Genius* of that *Florentine*,
Deepe, deepe obseruing, found brain'd Macheueil,
He is is not wise that striues not to seeme foole.
When will the Duke holde feed Intelligence,
Keepe warie obseruation in large pay,
To dogge a fooles act?

Mar. I, but such faining, known, disgraceth much.

An. Pish, most things that morally adhere to foules,
VVholly exist in drunke opinion : 1360
VVhose reeling censure, if I valew not,
It valewes naught.

Ma. You are transported with too slight a thought,
If you but meditate of what is past,
And what you plot to passe.

Ant. Euen in that, note a fooles beatitude :
He is not capeable of passion,
VVanting the power of distinction,
He beares an vnturnd sayle with euey winde :
Blowe East, blowe West, he stirs his course alike. 1370
I neuer sawe a foole leane : the chub-fac't fop
Shines sleeke with full cramm'd fat of happinesse,
Whil'st studious contemplation sucks the iuyce
From wifards cheekes : who making curious search
For Natures secrets, the first innating cause
Laughs them to scorne, as man doth busie Apes
When they will zanie men. Had heauen bin kinde,
Creating me an honest senselesse dolt,
A good poore foole, I should want sense to feele

The second Parte of

The stings of anguish shoot through euery vaine,
I should not know what twere to loose a father :
I should be deade of sense, to viewe defame
Blur my bright loue ; I could not thus run mad,
As one confounded in a maze of mischiefe,
Staggerd, starke feld with brusing stroke of chance.
I should not shoote mine eyes into the earth,
Poring for mischiefe, that might counterpoise

1380

¶ *Enter Luceo.*

mischiefe, murder and How now *Lucio* ?

Lu. My Lord, the Duke, with the *Venetian* States, 1390
Approach the great hall to iudge *Mellida*.

Ant. Askt he for *Iulio* yet ?

Lu. No motion of him : dare you trust this habit ?

An. *Alberto*, see you streight rumour me dead :
Leaue me, good mother, leaue me *Luceo*,
Forfake me all. Now patience hoope my fides,

Exeunt omnes, saving Antonio.

With steeled ribs, least I doe burst my breast
With strugling passions. Now disguise stand bolde.
Poore scorned habits, oft choyce foules infould. 1400

¶ *The Cornets sound a Cynet.*

SCENA SECVNDA.

IV. i
(*cont.*)

¶ *Enter Castilio, Forobosco, Balurdo, & Alberto, with poles: Luceo bare. Piero & Maria talking together: two Senators, Galeatzo, and Matzagente, Nutriche.*

Pie.

Antonio and Mellida.

Pie. **I**NTREAT me not: ther's not a beauty liues,
Hath that imperiall predominance
Ore my affectes, as your enchanting graces:
Yet giue me leaue to be my selfe.

Ant. A villaine.

1410

Pier. Iust.

Ant. Most iust.

Pie. Most iust and vpright in our iudgement seat.
Were *Mellida* mine eye, with such a blemish
Of most loath'd loosenesse, I would scratch it out.
Produce the strumpet in her bridall robes,
That she may blush t'appeare so white in thowe,
And blacke in inward substance. Bring her in.

Exeunt Forobosco and Castilio.

I holde *Antonio*, for his fathers sake,
So verie dearely, so entirely choyce,
That knewe I but a thought of preiudice,
Imagin'd 'gainst his high innobled blood,
I would maintaine a mortall feude, vndying hate
Gainst the conceiuers life. And shall Iustice sleepe
In fleshly Lethargie, for myne owne bloods fauour,
When the sweete prince hath so apparant scorne
By my (I wil not call her) daughter. Goe,
Conduct in the loued youth *Antonio*:

1420

Exit Alberto to fetch Antonio.

1430

He shall beholde me spurne my priuate good.

Piero loues his honour more then's blood.

Ant. The diuell he does more then both.

Ba. Stand backe there, foole; I do hate a foole most
most pathetically. O these that haue no sappe of of re-

The second part of

tort and obtuse wit in them: faugh.

Ant. Puffe, holde world: puffe, hold bubble; Puffe, holde world: puffe, breake not behinde: puffe, thou art full of winde; puffe, keepe vp by winde: puffe, 'tis broake: & now I laugh like a good foole at the breath 1440 of mine owne lips, he, he, he, he, he.

Bal. You foole.

Ant. You foole, puffe.

Ba. I cannot digest thee, the vnuulgar foole. Goe foole.

Pier. Forbeare, *Balurdo*, let the foole alone. Come hither (*ficto*) Is he your foole?

Ma. Yes, my lou'd Lord.

Pi. Would all the States in *Venice* were like thee. O then I were secur'd. 1450
He that's a villaine, or but meanely fowl'd,
Must stil conuerse, and cling to routes of fooles,
That can not searck the leakes of his defectes.
O, your vnfalted fresh foole is your onely man:
These vinegar tart spirits are too pearcing,
Too searching in the vnglewd ioynts of shaken wits.
Finde they a chinke, they'l wriggle in and in,
And eat like salt sea in his fiddowe ribs,
Till they haue opened all his rotten parts,
Vnto the vaunting surge of base contempt, 1460
And funke the tossed galleasse in depth
Of whirlepoole Scorne. Giue me an honest fopp:
Dud a dud a? why loe fir, this takes he
As grateful now, as a Monopolie.

SCE-

Antonio and Mellida.

SCENA TERTIA.

1470
(Cont.)

¶ *The still flutes sound softly.*

¶ *Enter Forobosco, and Castilio: Mellida supported by two waiting women.*

Mell. ALL honour to this royall confluence.

Pie. A Forbeare (impure) to blot bright honours 1470
With thy defiled lips. The fluxe of sinne (name,
Flowes from thy tainted bodie: thou so foule,
So all dishonour'd, canst no honour giue,
No wish of good, that can haue good effect
To this graue senate, and illustrate bloodes.
Why staies the doome of death?

1. *Sen.* Who riseth vp to manifest her guilt?

2. *Sen.* You must produce apparant prooffe, my Lord.

Pie. Why, where is *Strotzo*? he that swore he saw 1480
The verie acte: and vow'd that *Feliche* fled
Vpon his sight: on which, I brake the breast
Of the adulterous letcher, with fīue stabbes.
Goe fetch in *Strotzo*. Now thou impudent,
If thou hast any droppe of modest bloode
Shrowded within thy cheeks; blush, blush for shame,
That rumor yet may say, thou felt'st defame.

Mell. Produce the diuel; let your *Strotzo* come:
I can defeat his strongest argument,
VWhich

The second part of

Pie. With what?

(hands, 1490

Mell. With teares, with blushes, sighes, & clasped
With innocent vpreared armes to heauen :
With my vnnookt simplicitie. These, these
Must, will, can only quit my heart of guilt.
Heauen permits not taintlesse blood be spilt.
If no remorse liue in your sauage breast

Piero. Then thou must die

Mell. Yet dying, Ile be blest.

Piero. Accurst by me.

Mell. Yet blest, in that I stroue

1500

To liue, and die

Pie. My hate.

Mell. *Antonyo's* loue.

Ant. *Antonio's* loue !

¶ *Enter Strotzo, a corde about his necke.*

Stro. O what vast ocean of repentant teares
Can cleanse my breast from the polluting filth
Of vlcerous sinne ! *Supream Efficient,*
Why cleau'st thou not my breast with thunderbolts
Of wingd reuenge ?

1510

Pie. What meanes this passion ?

An. What villanie are they decocting now ? Vmh.

Str. *In me conuertite ferrum, O proceres.*

Nihil iste, nec ista.

Pie. Lay holde on him. What strange portent is this ?

Str. I will not flinch. Death, hel more grimly stare
Within my heart, then in your threatning browes-
Record, thou threefolde garde of dredest power,
What I here speake, is forced from my lips,

By

Antonio and Mellida.

By the pulsiue straine of conscience,
I haue a mount of mischiefe clogs my soule,
As waightie as the high-nol'd *Appenine* :
Which I must straight disgorge, or breast will burst.
I haue defam'd this Ladie wrongfully,
By instigation of *Antonio* :
Whose reeling loue, tost on each fancies surge,
Began to loath before it fully ioyed.

1527

Exit Forobosco.

Pie. Goe, seize *Antonio*, guard him strongly in.

Str. By his ambition, being only brib'd,
Feed by his impious hand, I poysoned
His aged father : that his thirstie hope
Might quench their dropsie of aspiring drought,
With full vnbounded quaffe.

1537

Pie. Seize me *Antonio*.

Str. O why permit you now such scum of filth
As *Strotzo* is, to liue, and taint the ayre,
With his infectious breath !

Pie. My selfe will be thy strangler, vnmatcht slaue.

¶ *Piero comes from his chaire, snatcheth the cords end, &* 1540
Castilio aydeth him ; both strangle Strotzo.

Str. Now change your

Pie. I, pluck *Castilio* : I change my humour ? plucke
Castilio.

Dye, with thy deathes intreats euen in thy iawes.
Now, now, now, now, now, my plot begins to worke.
Why, thus should States-men doe,
That cleaue through knots of craggie pollicies,
Vse men like wedges, one strike out another ;

H

Till

The second Parte of

Till by degrees the tough and knurly trunk
Be riu'd in funder. Where's *Antonio*?

1550

¶ *Enter Alberto, running.*

Alb. O black accursed fate. *Antonyo's* drown'd.

Pie. Speake, on thy faith, on thy allegiance, speake.

Alb. As I doe loue *Piero*, he is drown'd.

Ant. In an inundation of amazement.

Mell. I, is this the close of all my straines in loue?

O me most wretched maide.

Pie. *Antonio* drown'd? how? how? *Antonio* drown'd?

Alb. Distraught and rauing, from a turrets top

1560

He threwe his bodie in the high swolne sea,

And as he headlong topsie turuie dingd downe,

He still cri'd *Mellida*.

Ant. My loues bright crowne.

Mell. He still cry'd *Mellida*?

(ioy,

Pier. Daughter, me thinks your eyes should sparkle
Your bosome rise on tiptoe at this news.

Mell. Aye me.

Pie. How now? Ay me? why, art not great of thanks
To gracious heauen, for the iust reuenge
Vpon the author of thy obloquies!

1570

Ma. Sweete beautie, I could sigh as fast as you,
But that I knowe that, which I weepe to knowe,
His fortunes should be such he dare not shoue
His open presence.

Mell. I knowe he lou'd me dearly, dearly, I:
And since I cannot liue with him, I dye.

Pie. Fore heauen, her speech falters, look she swouns.
Conuey her vp into her priuate bed.

Maria,

Antonio and Mellida.

¶ *Maria, Nutriche, and the Ladies beare out Mellida,* 1580
as being swooned.

I hope sheele liue. If not

An-Antonio's dead, the foole wil follow too, he, he, he.

Now workes the sceane ; quick obseruation scud

To coate the plot, or els the path is lost :

My verie selfe am gone, my way is fled :

I, all is lost, if *Mellida* is deade. *Exit Antonio.*

Pie. Alberto, I am kinde, *Alberto*, kinde.

I am forie for thy couz, ifaith I am.

Goe, take him downe, and beare him to his father : 1590

Let him be buried, looke yce, Ile pay the priest.

Alb. Please you to admit his father to the Court?

Piero. No.

Al. Please you to restore his lands & goods againe?

Piero. No.

Alb. Please you vouchsafe him lodging in the city?

Pie. Gods fut, no, thou odde vnciuill fellow:

I thinke you doe forget fir, where you are.

Alb. I know you doe forget fir, where you must be.

Fero. You are too malepert, ifaith you are. 1600

Your honour might doe well to

Alb. Peace Parasite, thou bur, that only sticks

Vnto the nappe of greatnesse.

Pie. Away with that same yelping cur, away.

Alb. I, I am gone : but marke, *Piero*, this.

There is a thing cald scourging *Nemesfis.* *Exit Alb.*

Bal. Gods neakes he has wrong, that he has : and
S^tut, and I were as he, I would beare no coles, lawe I,
I begin to swell, puffe.

The second Parte of

Pie. How now foole, fop, foole?

1610

Foole, fop, foole? Marry muffle. I pray you, how manie fooles haue you seene goe in a suite of Sattin? I hope yet, I doe not look a foole ifaith: a foole? Gods bores, I scorn't with my heele. S'neaks, and I were worth but three hundred pound a yeare more, I could sweare richly: nay, but as poore as I am, I will sweare the fellowe hath wrong.

Piero. Young *Galeatzio*? I, a proper man.

Florence, a goodly citie: it shall be so.

Ile marrie her to him instantly.

1620

Then *Genoa* mine, by my *Mariaes* match,

Which Ile solemnize ere next setting Sun.

Thus *Venice*, *Florence*, *Genoa*, strongly leagu'd.

Excellent, excellent. Ile conquer *Rome*,

Pop out the light of bright religion:

And then, helter skelter, all cock sure.

Ba. Goe to, tis iust, the man hath wrong: go to.

Pie. Goe to, thou shalt haue right. Go to *Castilio*,

Clap him into the Palace dungeon:

Lappe him in rags, and let him feede on slime

1630

That smeares the dungeon cheeke. Away with him.

Bal. In verie good truth now, Ile nere do so more;
this one time and

Pie. Away with him, obserue it strictly, goe.

Ba. Why then, o wight, alas poore knight.

O, welladay, sir *Gefferrey*. Let Poets roare,

And all deplore: for now I bid you god night.

Exit Balurdo with Castilio.

Ma. O pittious end of loue: o too too rude hand

Of

Antonio and Mellida.

Of vnrespectiue death! Alas, sweete maide.

164

Pi. Forbear me heauen. What intend these plaints?

Mar. The beautie of admir'd creation,
The life of modest vnmixt puritie,
Our sexes glorie, *Mellida* is

Pie. What? ô heauen, what?

Ma. Deade.

Pie. May it not sad your thoughts, how?

Ma. Being laid vpon her bed, she grafpt my hād,
And kissing it, spake thus; Thou very pore,
Why dost not weepe? The Iewell of thy browe,
The rich adornement, that inchac't thy breast,
Is lost: thy son, my loue is lost, is deade.

165

And doe I liue to say *Antonio's* deade?

And haue I liu'd to see his vertues blurd,
With guiltlesse blots! O world thou art too subtil,
For honest natures to conuerse withall.

Therefore Ile leaue thee; farewell mart of woe,
I fly to clip my loue, *Antonio*.

With that her head sunk down vpon her brest:
Her cheeke chang'd earth, her senses slept in rest:
Vntill my foole, that press'd vnto the bed,
Screch't out so lowd, that he brought back her soule,
Calde her againe, that her bright eyes gan ope,
And starde vpon him: he audacious foole,
Dar'd kisse her hand, wisht her soft rest, lou'd bride;
She fumbled out, thanks good, and so she dide.

166

Piero. And so she dide: I doe not vse to weepe:
But by thy loue (out of whose fertile sweete,
I hope for as faire fruite) I am deepe sad:

The second part of

will not stay my marriage for all this.

1670

Castilio Forobosco, all

Straine all your wits, winde vp inuention

Vnto his highest bent: to sweete this night,

Make vs drinke *Lethe* by your queint conceits;

That for two daies, obliuion smother grieve:

But when my daughters exequies approach,

Let's all turne fighers. Come, despight of fate,

Sound lowdest musick, lets pase out in state.

¶ *The Cornets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENA QVART A.

IV. ii

¶ *Enter Antonio solus, in fooles habit.*

1681

Ant. **I** Heauen, thou maist, thou maist omnipotence.
What vermine bred of putrifacted slime,
Shall dare to expostulate with thy decrees!

O heauen; thou maist indeede: she was all thine,

All heauenly, I did but humbly beg

To borrowe her of thee a little time.

Thou gau'st her me, as some weake breasted dame

Giueh her infant, puts it out to nurse;

And when it once goes high-lone, takes it back.

1690

She was my vitall blood, and yet, and yet,

Ile not blasphemee. Looke here, beholde,

Antonio puts off his cap, and lyeth iust vpon his back.

I turne my prostrate breast vpon thy face,

And vent a heauing sigh. O heare but this;

I

Antonio and Mellida.

I am a poore poore Orphant ; a weake, weak childe,
The wrack of splitted fortune, the very Ouze,
The quick sand that deuours all miserie.
Beholde the valiantst creature that doth breath.
For all this, I dare liue, and I will liue,
Onely to numme some others cursed bloode,
With the dead palfie of like misery.
Then death, like to a stifling *Incubus*,
Lie on my bosome- Loe sir, I am sped.
My breast is *Golgotha*, graue for the deade.

1700

SCENA QVINTA.

IV. ii
(cont.)

¶ *Enter Pandulpho, Alberto, and a Page, carrying Feliches trunke in a winding sheete, and lay it twhart Antonios breast.*

Pan. ANTONIO, kisse my foote : I honour thee, 1710
In laying thwart my blood vpon thy breast.

I tell thee boy, he was *Pandulphos* sonne :
And I doe grace thee with supporting him,
Young man.

The dominerig Monarch of the earth,
He who hath naught that fortunes gripe can seize,
He who is all impregnably his owne,
Hee whose great heart heauen can not force with
force,

Vouchsafes his loue. *Non seruió Deo, sed assentio.* 1720

H₄

Ant-

The second part of

Ant. I ha lost a good wife.

Pan. Didst finde her good, or didst thou make her good?

If found, thou maist refinde, because thou hadst her.

If made, the worke is lost: but thou that mad'st her

Liu'st yet as cunning. Hast lost a good wife?

Thrice blessed man that lost her whilst she was good,

Faire, young, vnblemisht, constant, louing, chaste.

I tell thee youth, age knows, yong loues seeme grac't,

VVhich with gray cares, rude iarres, are oft defac't. 1730

An. But shee was full of hope.

Pan. May be, may be: but that, which may be, stood,
Stands now without all may; she died good.

And dost thou grieue?

Alberto. I ha lost a true friend.

Pan. I liue incompast with two blessed soules.

Thou lost a good wife, thou lost a trew friend, ha?

Two of the rarest lendings of the heauens:

But lendings: which at the fixed day of pay

Set downe by fate, thou must restore againe.

1740

O what vnconscionable soules are here?

Are you all like the spoke-shaues of the Church?

Haue you no mawe to restitution?

Hast lost a true friend, cuz? then thou hadst one.

I tell thee youth, tis all as difficult

To finde true friend in this apostate age

(That balkes all right affiance twixt two hearts)

As tis to finde a fixed modest heart,

Vnder a painted breast. Lost a true friend?

O happie soule that lost him whilst he was true.

1750

Be-

Antonio and Mellida.

Beleeue it cuz, I to my teares haue found,
Oft durts respect makes firmer friends vnfounde.

Alb. You haue lost a good sonne.

Pan. Why there's the cōfort ont, that he was good:

Alas, poore innocent.

Alb. Why weepes mine vnclē?

Pan. Ha, dost aske me why? ha? ha?

Good cuz, looke here.

He shewes him his sonnes breast.

Man will breake out, despight Philosophie.

1760

Why, all this while I ha but plaid a part,

Like to some boy, that actes a Tragedie,

Speakes burly words, and raues out passion:

But, when he thinks vpon his infant weaknesse,

He droopes his eye. I spake more then a god;

Yet am lesse then a man.

I am the miserablest fowle that breathes.

Antonio starts vp.

Ant. S'lid, fir ye lye: by th'heart of grieffe, thou lyeest.

I scorn't that any wretched should furuiue,

1770

Outmounting me in that Superlatiue,

Most miserable, most vnmatcht in woe:

Who dare assume that, but *Antonio*?

Pan. Wilt still be so? and shall yon blood-hound liue?

An. Haue I an arme, a heart, a sword, a fowle?

Alb. Were you but priuate vnto what we know

Pan. Ile knowe it all; first let's interre the dead:

Let's dig his graue, with that shall dig the heart,

Liuer, and intrals of the murderer. (*openeth.*)

They strike the stage with their daggers, and the graue 1780

I

An.

The second Parte of

Ant. Wilt sing a Dirge boy?

Pan. No, no song: twill be vile out of tune.

Alb. Indeepe he's hoarce: the poore boyes voice is crackt.

Pa. Why cuz? why shold it not be hoarce & crackt,
When all the strings of natures symphony
Are crackt, & iar? why should his voice keepe tune,
When ther's no musick in the breast of man?
He say an honest antick rime I haue;
(Helpe me good sorrow-mates to giue him graue.) 1790

They all helpe to carie Feliche to his graue.
Death, exile, plaints, and woe,
Are but mans lackies, not his foe.
No mortall scapes from fortunes warre,
Without a wound, at least a scarre.
Many haue led these to the graue:
But all shall followe, none shall saue.
Bloode of my youth, rot and consume,
Virtue, in dirt, doth life assume:
With this ould sawe, close vp this dust; 1800
Thrice blessed man that dyeth iust.

An. The gloomie wing of night begins to stretch
His lasie pinion ouer all the ayre:
We must be stiffe and steddie in resolute.
Let's thus our hands, our hearts, our armes inuolute.

They wreath their armes.

Pan. Now sweare we by this Gordian knot of loue,
By the fresh turnd vp mould that wraps my sonne;
By the deade browe of triple *Hecate*;
Ere night shall close the lids of yon bright stars, 1810
Weele

Antonio and Mellida.

Weele fit as heaue on *Pieros* heart,
As *AEtna* doth on groning *Pelorus*.

Ant. Thanks good old man.

Weele cast at royall chaunce.

Let's thinke a plot; then pell mell vengeance.

Exeunt, their armes wreathed.

¶ *The Cornets sounde for the Acte.*

¶ *The dumbe shewe.*

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

v. i

¶ *Enter at one dore, Castilio and Forobosco, with halberts: 1820*
four Pagees with torches: Luceo bare: Piero, Maria and
Alberto, talking: Alberto drawes out his dagger,
Maria her knife, ayming to menace the Duke. Then Ga-
leatzo betwixt two Senators, reading a paper to them: at
which, they all make semblance of loathing Piero, and
knit their fists at him; two Ladies and Nutriche: all
these goe softly ouer the Stage, whilst at the other doore
enters the ghost of Andrugio, who passeth by them, tof-
sing his torch about his heade in triumph. All forsake
the Stage, sawing Andrugio, who speaking, begins the 1830
Acte.

And. **V**ENIT dies, tempusque, quo reddat suis
Animam squallentem sceleribus.

The fist of strenuous vengeance is clutcht,
And sterne *Vindicta* towreth vp aloft,
That she may fal with a more waightie paife,
And crush liues sap from out *Pieros* vaines.

The second Part of

Now gins the leprous cores of vlcered fins
Wheale to a heade: now is his fate growne mellow,
Instant to fall into the rotten iawes 1840
Of chap-falne death. Now downe lookes prouidēce,
T'attend the last act of my sons reuenge.
Be gracious, Obseruation, to our sceane:
For now the plot vnites his scattred limbes
Close in contracted bands. The *Florence* Prince
(Drawne by firme notice of the Dukes black deeds)
Is made a partner in conspiracie.
The States of *Venice* are so swolne in hate
Against the Duke, for his accursed deeds
(Of which they are confirm'd by some odde letters 1850
Found in dead *Strotzos* studie, which had past
Betwixt *Piero* and the murdring slaue)
That they can scarce retaine from bursting forth
In plaine reuolt. O, now tryumphes my ghost;
Exclaiming, heauen's iust; for I shal see,
The scourge of murder and impietie. *Exit*

SCENA SECVNDA. *v. ii*

Balardo from vnder the Stage.

Bal. HOE, who's aboue there, hoe? A murren on
all Prouerbes. They say, hunger breakes thro- 1860
rough stone walles; but I am as gant, as leane ribd fa-
mine: yet I can burst through no stone walles. O, now
fir *Gefferey*, shewe thy valour, breake prison, and be
hangd

Antonio and Mellida.

hangd. Nor shall the darkeſt nooke of hell containe
the diſcontented fir *Balurdos* gholt. Well, I am out
well, I haue put off the priſon to put on the rope. O
poore ſhotten herring, what a pickle art thou in! O
hunger, how thou dominer'ſt in my guts! O, for a fat
leg of Ewe mutton in ſtewde broth; or drunken ſong
to feede on. I could belch rarely, for I am all winde. 1870
O colde, colde, colde, colde, colde. O poore knight,
ô poore fir *Gefferey*; ſing like an Vnicorne, before
thou doſt dip thy horne in the water of death; ô cold,
ô ſing, ô colde, ô poore fir *Geffrey*, ſing, ſing.

CANTAT.

SCENA TERTIA.

17. ii
(cont.)

¶ *Enter Antonio and Alberto, at ſeuerall doores, their rapiers drawne, in their masking attyre.*

Ant. VINDICTA.

Alb. Mellida.

1880

Ant. Alberto.

Alb. Antonio.

Ant. Hath the Duke ſuſt?

Alb. Yes, and tryumphant reuels mount aloft.
The Duke drinkes deepe to ouerflowe his grieve.
The court is rackt to pleaſure, each man ſtraines
To faine a iocund eye. The *Florentine*

I 3

Ant.

The second part of

Ant. Young *Galeatzo*?

Alb. Euen he is mightie on our part. The States of
Venice 1890

¶ *Enter Pandulpho running, in masking attyre.*

Pan. Like high-fwoln floods, driue down the mud-
die dammes

Of pent allegiance. O, my lustie bloods,

Heauen fits clapping of our enterprise.

I haue beene labouring generall fauour firme,

And I doe finde the citizens growne sick

With swallowing the bloodie crudities

Of black *Pieros* acts; they faine would cast

And vomit him from off their gouernement. 1900

Now is the plot of mischiefe ript wide ope:

Letters are found twixt *Strotzo* and the Duke,

So cleare apparent: yet more firmly strong

By suiting circumstance; that as I walkt

Muffled, to euef-drop speech, I might obserue

The grauer States-men whispering fearefully.

Here one giues nods & hums, what he would speake:

The rumour's got 'mong troope of citizens,

Making lowde murmur, with confused dinne:

One shakes his head, and fighes; O ill vs'd powre: 1910

Another frets, and sets his grinding teeth,

Foaming with rage; and sweares this must not be.

Here one complots, and on a sodaine starts,

And cries; ô monstrous, ô deepe villanie!

All knit there nerues, and from beneath swoln brows

Appeares a gloting eye of much mislike:

Whilst swart *Pieros* lips reake steame of wine,

Swal-

Antonio and Mellida.

Swallowes lust-thoughts, deuours all pleasing hopes,
With strong imagination of, what not?

O, now *Vindicta*; that's the word we haue :

1920

A royall vengeance, or a royall graue.

Ant. Vindicta.

Bal. I am acolde.

Pan. Who's there? fir *Geffrey*?

Ba. A poor knight, god wot: the nose of thy knight-hood is bitten off with cold. O poore fir *Geffrey*, cold, cold.

Pan. What chance of fortune hath tript vp his heels,
And laid him in the kennell? ha?

Alb. I will discourse it all. Poore honest soule,
Hadst thou a beuer to clasp vp thy face,
Thou shouldst associate vs in masquery,
And see reuenge.

1930

Ba. Nay, and you talke of reuenge, my stomack's vp,
For I am most tyrannically hungry. A beuer? I haue
a headpeece, a skull, a braine of proofe, I warrant yee.

Alb. Slinke to my chamber then, and tyre thee.

Bal. Is there a fire?

Alb. Yes.

Bal. Is there a fat leg of Ewe mutton?

1940

Alb. Yes.

Bal. And a cleane shirt? *Alb.* Yes. (garly, law. *Exit*

Bal. Then am I for you, most pathetically, & vnvulnerable.
Ant. Resolued hearts, time curtals night, opportunity
shakes vs his foretop. Steel your thoughts, sharp your
resolue, imbolden your spirit, grasp your swords; alarum
mischiefe, & with an vndated brow, out scout the grim

The second part of

Of most menacing perill. (vp,
Harke here, proud pomp shoots mounting tryumph
Borne in lowde accents to the front of *Ioue*. 1950

Pan. O now, he that wants fowle to kill a flaue,
Let him die flaue, and rot in pefants graue.

Ant. Giue me thy hand, and thine, most noble heart,
Thus will wee liue, and, but thus, neuer part.

Exeunt twin'd together.

¶ *Cornets sound a Cynet.*

SCENA QVART A. v. iii

¶ *Enter Castilio and Forobosco, two Pages with torches,
Lucio bare, Piero and Maria, Galeatzo, two Senators
and Nutriche.* 1960

¶ *Piero to Maria.*

Pie. **S**It close vnto my breast, heart of my loue,
Aduance thy drooping eyes.

Thy sonne is drownde.

Rich happineffe that such a sonne is drownde.

Thy husband's deade, life of my ioyes most blest,

In that the saplesse logge, that prest thy bed

With an vnpleasing waight, being lifted hence,

Euen I *Piero*, liue to warme his place.

I tell you, Ladie, had you view'd vs both, 1970

With an vnprtiall eye, when first we woo'd

Your maiden beauties, I had borne the prize,

Tis

Antonio and Mellida.

Tis firme I had : for, faire, I ha done that

Ma. Murder.

Pie. Which he would quake to haue aduentur'd ;
Thou know'st I haue.

Mari. Murdred my husband.

Pier. Borne out the flock of war, & done, what not,
That valour durst. Do'st loue me fairest ? say.

Ma. As I doe hate my son, I loue thy soule. 1980

Pie. Why then *Io* to *Hymen*, mount a loftie note :
Fill red cheekt *Bacchus*, let *Lycus* fote

In burnisht gobblets. Force the plump lipt god,

Skip light lauoltaes in your full sapt vaines.

Tis well brim full. Euen I haue glut of blood :

Let quaffe carouse ; I drinke this *Burdeaux* wine

Vnto the health of deade *Andrugio*,

Feliche, *Strotzo*, and *Antonios* gholts.

Would I had some poyson to infuse it with ;

That hauing done this honour to the dead, 1990

I might send one to giue them notice ont.

I would indeere my fauour to the full.

Boy, sing alowd, make heauens vault to ring

With thy breaths strength. I drink. Now lowdly sing.

C A N T A T.

¶ *The song ended, the Cornets sound a Cynet.*

SCENA QVINTA.

V. iii
(*cont.*)

K

¶ *Enter*

The second Parte of

¶ *Enter Antonio, Pandulfo, and Alberto, in maskery,
Balurdo, and a torc-bearer.*

Pie. CALL *Iulio* hither; where's the little fowle? 2000

C I sawe him not to day. Here's sport alone

For him, ifaith; for babes and fooles, I know,

Relish not substance, but applaud the showe.

*To the conspirators as they stand in ranke for the
measure.*

To Antonio.

Gal. All blessed fortune crown your braue attempt,

To Pandulpho.

I haue a troope to second your attempt.

To Alberto.

2010

The *Venice* States ioyne hearts vnto your hands.

Pie. By the delights in contemplation

Of comming ioyes, 'tis magnificent.

You grace my mariage eue with sumptuous pompe.

Sound still, lowde musick. O, your breath giues grace

To curious feete, that in proud measure pase.

Ant. Mother, is *Iulios* bodie

Ma. Speake not, doubt not; all is aboue all hope.

Ant. Then wil I daunce and whirle about the ayre.

Me thinks I am all fowle, all heart, all spirit.

2020

Now murder shall receiue his ample merite.

¶ The measure.

¶ *While the measure is dauncing, Andrugios ghost is placed betwixt the musick houses.*

Pie.

Antonio and Mellida.

Pie. Bring hither suckets, candied delicates.
Weele taste some sweet meats, gallants, ere we sleep.

Ant. Weele cooke your sweete meats, gallants,
with tart sower sawce.

And. Here will I sit, spectator of reuenge,
And glad my ghost in anguish of my foe.

2030

The maskers whisper with Piero.

Piero. Marry and shall; ifaith I were too rude,
If I gaineſaide ſo ciuill faſhion.

The maskers pray you to forbear the roome,
Till they haue banqueted. Let it be ſo:
No man preſume to viſite them, on death.

The maskers whisper againe.

Onely my ſelfe? O, why with all my heart.
Ile fill your confort; here *Piero* ſits:

Come on, vnmaſke, lets fall to

2040

*The conſpirators binde Piero, pluck out his tongue, and
tryumph ouer him.*

Ant. Murder and torture: no prayers, no entreats.

Pan. Weele ſpoyle your oratory. Out with his tong.

Ant. I haue't *Pandulpho*: the vaines panting bleede,
Trickling freſh goare about my fiſt. Bind faſt; ſo, ſo.

And. Bleſt be thy hand. I taſte the ioyes of heauen,
Viewing my ſonne tryumph in his blacke bloode.

Bal. Downe to the dungeon with him, Ile duugeon
with him; Ile foole you: fir *Gefferey* will be fir *Geffrey*. 2050
Ile tickle you.

Ant. Beholde, black dogge.

Pan. Grinſt thou, thou ſnurling curre?

Alb. Eate thy black liuer.

Ant. To thine anguish ſee

The second Parte of

A foole tryumphant in thy misery.

Vex him *Balardo*.

Pan. He weepes : now doe I glorifie my hands,
I had no vengeance, if I had no teares.

Ant. Fal to, good Duke. *o* these are worthlesse cates, 2060
You haue no stomack to them ; looke, looke here :
Here lies a dish to feast thy fathers gorge.
Here's flesh and blood, which I am sure thou lou'st.

¶ *Piero seemes to condole his sonne*

Pan. Was he thy flesh, thy son, thy dearest sonne ?

Ant. So was *Andrugio* my dearest father.

Pan. So was *Feliche* my dearest sonne.

¶ *Enter Maria.*

Ma. So was *Andrugio* my dearest husband.

Ant. My father found no pittie in thy blood. 2070

Pan. Remorse was banisht, when thou slew'st my son.

Ma. When thou impoysoned'st my louing Lord,
Exilde was pietie.

An. Now, therefore, pittie, piety, remorse,
Be aliens to our thoughts : grim fier-ey'd rage
Possesse vs wholly.

Pan. Thy son ? true : and which is my most ioy,
I hope no bastard, but thy very blood
Thy true begotten, most legitimate
And loued issue : there's the comfort ont. 2080

Ant. Scum of the mud of hell.

Alb. Slime of all filth.

Mar. Thou most detested toad.

Bal. Thou most retort and obtuse rascall.

Ant. Thus charge we death at thee : remember hel,
And let the howling murmurs of black spirits,

The

Antonio and Mellida.

The horrid torments of the damned Ghosts
Affright thy fowle, as it descendeth downe
Into the intrals of the vgly deepe.

Pan. Sa, fa; no, let him die, and die, and stil be dying, 2090

¶ *They offer to runne all at Piero, and on a sodain stop.*

And yet not die, till he hath di'd and di'd
Ten thousand deathes in agonie of heart.

An. Now pel mell; thus the hand of heauen chokes
The throate of murder. This for my fathers blood.

He stabs Piero.

Pan. This for my sonne.

Alb. This for them all.

And this, and this; sinke to the heart of hell.

They run all at Piero with their Rapiers. 2100

Pan. Murder for murder, blood for blood doth yell.

Andr. Tis done, and now my fowle shal sleep in rest.
Sons that reuenge their fathers blood, are blest.

The curtaines being drawne, Exit Andrugio.

SCENA SEXTA.

V. iii
(cont.)

¶ *Enter Galeatzo, two Senators, Luceo, Forobosco, Castilio,
and Ladies.*

I. Sen. **W**HOSE hand presents this gory spe-
Anto. Mine. (ctacle?)

Pan. No: mine. 2110

Alb. No: mine.

K₃

Ant.

The second part of

Ant. I will not loose the glorie of the deede,
Were all the tortures of the deepest hell
Fixt to my limbs. I pearc't the monsters heart,
With an vndaunted hand.

Pan. By yon bright spangled front of heauen twas I:
Twas I fluc't out his life bloode.

Alb. Tush, to say truth, twas all.

2. *Sen.* Blest be you all, and may your honours liue
Religiously helde sacred, euen for euer and euer. 2120

Gal. To Antonio. Thou art another *Hercules* to vs,
In ridding huge pollution from our State.

1. *Sen. Antonio,* beliefe is fortified,
With most inuincible approuemēts of much wrong,
By this *Piero* to thee. We haue found
Beadroles of mischiefe, plots of villany,
Laide twixt the Duke and *Strotzo*: which we found
Too firmly acted.

2. *Sen.* Alas poore Orphant.

An. Poore? standing tryumphant ouer *Belzebub*? 2130
Hauing large interest for blood; & yet deem'd poor?

1. *Sen.* What satisfaction outward pomp can yield,
Or cheefest fortunes of the *Venice* state,
Claime freely. You are well seasond props,
And will not warpe, or leane to either part.

Calamity giues man a steddy heart.

Ant. We are amaz'd at your benignitie:
But other vowes constrain another course.

Pan. We know the world, and did we know no more,
Wee would not liue to know: but since constraint 2140
Of holy bands forceth vs keepe this lodge

Of

Antonio and Mellida.

Of durts corruption, till dread power cal
Our foules appearance, we will liue incloſ'd
In holy verge of ſome religious order,
Moſt conſtant votaries.

The curtaines are drawne, Piero departeth.

Ant. Firſt let's cleaſe our hands,
Purge hearts of hatred, and intoumbe my loue :
Ouer whoſe hearſe, Ile weepe away my braine
In true affections teares.

2150

For her ſake, here I vowe a virgine bed.
She liues in me, with her my loue is deade.
2. *Sen.* We will attend her mournfull exequies,
Conduct you to your calme ſequeſtred life,
And then

Maria. Leaue vs, to meditate on miſery ;
To ſad our thought with contemplation
Of paſt calamities. If any aſke
Where liues the widdowe of the poiſoned Lord ?
Where lies the Orphant of a murdered father ?
Where lies the father of a butchered ſon ?
Where liues all woe ? conduct him to vs three ;
The downe-caſt ruines of calamitie.

2160

And. Sound dolefull tunes, a ſolemne hymn aduance,
To cloſe the laſt act of my vengeance :
And when the ſubiect of your paſſion's ſpent,
Sing *Mellida* is deade, all hearts will relent,
In ſad condolement, at that heauie ſound,
Neuer more woe in leſſer plot was found.
And, ô, if euer time create a Muſe,

2170

The second part of

That to th'immortall fame of virgine faith,
Dares once engage his pen to write her death,
Presenting it in some black Tragedie.
May it proue gracious, may his stile be deckt
With freshest bloomes of purest elegance ;
May it haue gentle preface, and the Sceans suckt vp
By calme attention of choyce audience :
And when the closing Epilogue appeares,
In stead of claps, may it obtaine but teares.

C A N T A N T.

218

Exeunt omnes.

Antonij vindictæ.

FINIS.

